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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN Dick Turpin

### *'He fired... and shot his partner, King'*

Dick Turpin, born in 1706, was still a youth when he joined a gang of smugglers and deer stealers. With them he took part in some daring robberies, but after the ring-leaders had been arrested and the gang dispersed, he met Tom King, a notorious highwayman. They became partners and in a peculiar way this led to the death of King. It happened that a constable tried to arrest King at the Red Lion in Whitechapel. Turpin,

riding to the rescue of his partner, fired at the constable, missed, and shot King through the chest. King died, but Turpin escaped. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But today, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry, of "Stand and Deliver!"



THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY JACK MATTHEW FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1950.



**NOT CAUSED BY LIGHTNING AS AT FIRST THOUGHT, BUT THE RESULT OF AN EXPLOSION IN THE REAR PART OF THE FUSELAGE: THE SEVERE DAMAGE TO THE B.E.A. VIKING AIR-LINER VIGILANT.**

On Thursday, April 13, the B.E.A. *Viking* air-liner *Vigilant*, during a flight from London to Paris, was reported to have been struck by lightning. The pilot brought the aircraft safely back and one person only, the stewardess (who sustained a fractured arm) was injured. Investigation revealed that the damage was caused by an explosion in the rear part of the fuselage, and the authorities believe that an explosive was placed on the floor of the lavatory. It was announced on April 17 that the accident was being investigated by Scotland

Yard, the Home Office, the Accident Investigation Branch of the Ministry of Civil Aviation and the B.E.A. Air Safety Branch. The explosion occurred in an outward direction, blowing a large hole in the port side of the fuselage and also causing damage on the other side, but its force did not extend upwards. The pointed tail-cap of the fuselage was blown off and it was only due to the strong construction of the aircraft that the tail was not destroyed. The aircraft carried twenty-eight passengers and a crew of four.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most tedious of the many boring poses of our time is the universal pretence of toughness. It is engendered, I suppose, partly by the cinema—that nurse of so much that is sham and unreal in the modern outlook. As one walks on a Sunday afternoon through a London park which, in time past, was the parade-ground of English manners and elegance, one sees everywhere, slopping and milling about, youths whose clothes, bearing and expression, belying their true characters, which are in most cases disarmingly sentimental and kindly, convey an inexpressibly dreary impression of shoddiness, boorishness and insensitivity. Some of their female companions are, if possible, even more repelling. To be boot-faced, hard-boiled and as contemptuous of culture as Goering, has become, to outward appearance, the English vogue. To see the craze at its best—or worst—one has to visit Whitehall and enter one of those great Departments of State whose fabulous expenditure on maintenance and personnel makes that of the most extravagant aristocrat of the past seem like a miser's economy. Everything looks unwashed, uncared-for and down-at-heel. The whole dreary pretence is as tedious as that of the "stiff upper lip" so laboriously worn by the English upper-middle classes in the days of my boyhood. Like everything contrary to, and therefore repressive of, human nature—which, left to itself, is always anxious to make a pleasing impression—it is a kind of social disease which ought to be exposed and eradicated. Regarded as an advertisement for our social-welfare State, it is lamentable and must, one would imagine, cause the worthy reformers who govern us the greatest concern. I wonder they do not start a campaign against it in the manner of the crusade against gloom and despondency initiated by their predecessors during the war. Scowling faces, sloppy trousers and greastained pull-overs sabotage the happiness and well-being which Ministers tell us they have brought into our formerly stunted and downtrodden lives.

However, under whatever form of Government, human beings will always, presumably, be silly, always go to extremes, always spoil a good ideal by the imperfections and absurdities that are inherent in the very nature of man. We are made like that; it is what, to anyone sufficiently detached and remote from it, must render the world so funny. Our present boorishness arose partly out of a perfectly proper and, indeed, most praiseworthy desire to raise the disgracefully low and degraded lot of millions of men and women. But, by a kind of inverted snobbery, because some in the bad old days went about in drab, shabby clothes and developed ugly and boorish manners as a result of their pinched, bleak lives, we have now reached the ridiculous conclusion that these miserable manifestations of poverty must represent some sort of civic virtue, and that everyone ought to be compelled to copy them. And to set off the ugly, shuffling, untidy exterior we present to one another and the world, we have adopted this affected, mental pose of toughness, obtuseness and sham brutality. It is a complete reversal of William of Wykeham's adage that manners maketh man; we now maintain that a man with manners is not a man at all. I suspect, however, that we shall soon tire of this squalid pretence; in fact, I already see some slight indications of the fact that we are already beginning to do so.

There have been other crazes in former times as ridiculous, and they have passed. One of the most absurd, and at the opposite end of the scale of human affectation, was that excessive sensibility that prevailed in this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and which sent out our robust ancestors and elegant, or would-be elegant, ancestresses in ecstatic search of what they called the "picturesque." Instead of trying, like us, to be tough, ladies and gentlemen who wished to be thought refined, cultivated their emotions assiduously. Dr. Johnson's old friend, Miss Berry, and her sister, both burst into tears after

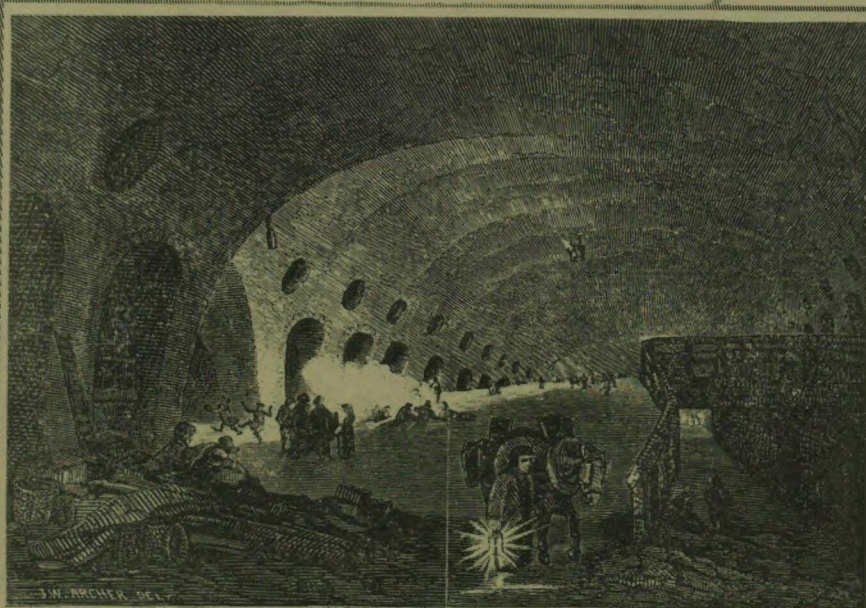
hearing Benjamin Constant read. Lady Shelley records how she sat on a grassy bank for an hour listening to a poem; "when I heard that the young poet, after writing these lines, immediately committed suicide, I shuddered." Hysterics, vapours, lavender-drops, were essential accompaniments of feminine life

#### ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 20, 1850.



THE LATE MADAME TUSSAUD.

"Madame Tussaud came to England in 1802; her well-known career in this country is familiar to everyone as an exhibitor of the waxen effigies of the heroes and heroines of all ages, whether of good or evil fame. Her reputation is unrivalled. Her emporium of characters, historic, literary and criminal in Baker-street, is of cosmopolitan renown. Madame Tussaud several years since published some memoirs of herself, which were by no means without interest. The distinguished lady died on the 15th inst., after an illness of five days, in her 90th year."



PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF LONDON.—THE ADELPHI "DRY ARCHES."

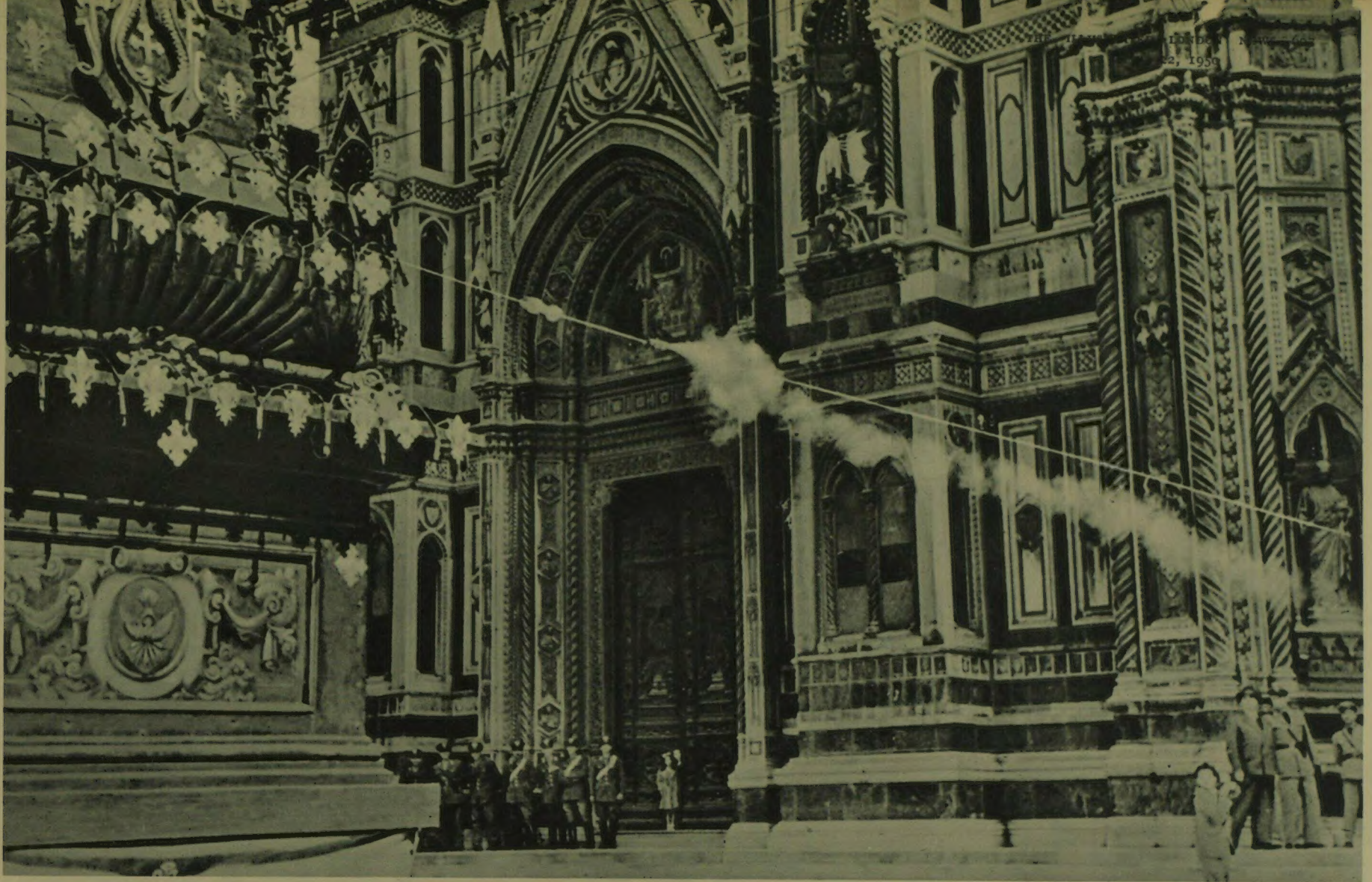
"Thousands who pass along the Strand never dream of the shadowy region which lies between them and the river—the black-browed arches that span right and left, before and behind, covering many a rood of ground on which the rain never beats nor the sunbeam sleeps. . . . Here many of those strong horses which the countryman who visits London looks upon with wonder and envy, are stabled. . . . Cows are also kept here, which, rumour says, never saw any other light beyond that of the gas which gleams through their prison-bars. . . . The Adelphi arches form a little subterranean city; there is nothing like it in England; in some places you catch a glimpse of the river, a small loop-hole that lets in the light like the end of a railway tunnel, yet seeming to diminish the entrance to those murderous-looking houses." (An extract from "Picturesque Sketches of London, past and present" by Thomas Miller.)

in its higher ranges; Sir Walter Scott's daughter, Sophia, swooned away, to the immense approval of her father and all persons of proper feeling when, at the opening of the ancient regalia of Scotland, a frivolous and unfeeling Royal Commissioner endeavoured to put the crown on the head of another young lady. Even the commonsense Jane Austen took two pocket handkerchiefs to the play, though she recorded afterwards that she had found very little use for either. The romantic novels of Scott and the early poetry of Byron exactly suited the tastes of that kind of public. The former, turning out four novels a year, while re-creating on the proceeds what he and his contemporaries conceived to be a Scottish manor-house of the olden times, enjoyed sales and idolatry such as no writer had ever known before. The first editions of the "Waverleys" were often sold out on the morning they were published, and impatient purchasers could be seen reading them as they walked through the streets. Byron, with his pale brow and dark, curling locks, his habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep and recklessly drinking bottle after bottle of soda-water, his fabulous sins and universally publicised sorrows, and romantic dæmonic poems to match, suited his fashionable contemporaries even more perfectly—14,000 copies of one of his poems once sold in a day. "How pale you are," wrote Lady Caroline Lamb to him, "a statue of white marble; I could never see you without wishing to cry." Even the deliciously sensible Harriet Granville admitted that when her husband read "Cain" aloud to her, she roared till she could neither see nor hear. I should love to try the effect of reading "Cain" to a group of young modern "toughs" of both sexes.

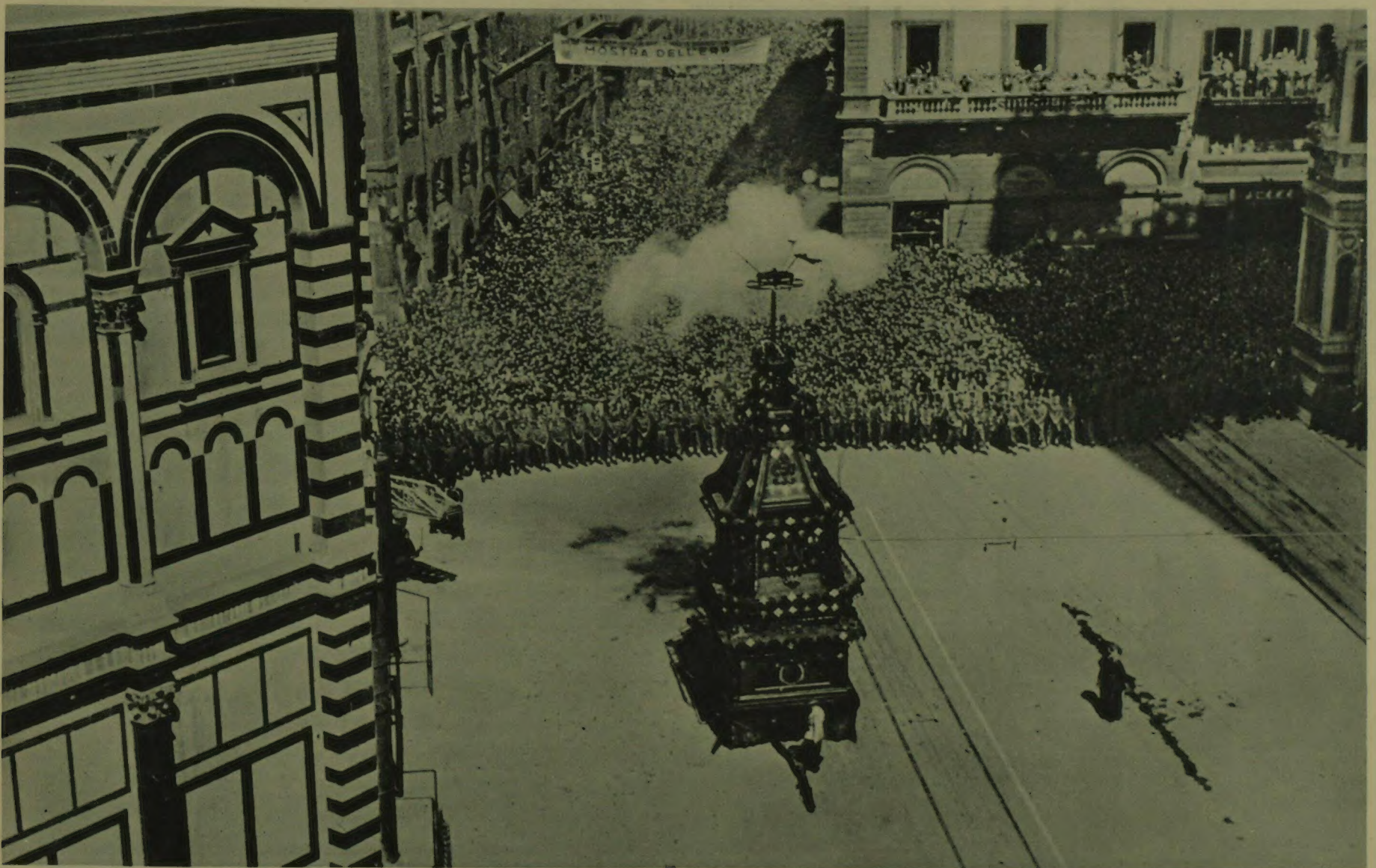
As for the search for the picturesque—of which the unfashionable modern "beauty-spot" is a last dying survival—Keats wrote from Shanklin that parties came hunting after it there like beagles. Steamboats appeared on Loch Lomond and barouches on its banks; the guide-books were full of directions as to how to reach and best admire "delightful sylvan scenes," "features of beauty and sublimity" and "romantic grandeur." It was a little difficult to define the terms of the new science precisely; the jester, Sydney Smith, suggested that, while the rector's horse was beautiful, the curate's was picturesque. Tom Puddle, the gamekeeper at Abbotsford, whose master, Sir Walter, was the greatest professor of the art of all, tried to explain it to a fellow-servant: "When I came here first," he said, "I was little better than a beast, and knew nae mair than a cow what was pretty and what was ugly. I was cuif enough to think that the bonniest thing in a countryside was a cornfield enclosed in four stane dykes; but now I ken the differences. Look this way, Mrs. Laidlaw, and I'll show you what the gentilefolk likes. See you there how the sun is glinting on Melrose Abbey? . . . It's no aw bright, nor it's no aw shadows neither, but just a bit screed o' light here and a bit daud o' dark youder like; and that's what they ca' picturesque; and indeed it must be confessed it is unco bonnie to look at!"

Well, perhaps we shall live to see human beings trying once more to develop sensibility and a taste for the picturesque, rather like the young—and not so young—ladies who crown themselves for the Easter Parade with the millinery of their mothers and grandmothers. I, for one, hope to see young gentlemen swooning at the sight of automatics and shuddering at the very sound of the word "cosh." I don't think I should even mind if they waved their hair; at least I should prefer it to their present pose of grubbiness and rudeness. What makes the whole business so entertaining is the reflection that in our real and inner feelings we are probably much the same as our ancestors and that these imposing attitudes are no more than passing fashions. But we are certainly living in the middle of a very uncouth one!





A CENTURIES-OLD HOLY SATURDAY CEREMONY IN FLORENCE: THE MECHANICAL DOVE, BEARING THE HOLY FIRE, ABOUT TO IGNITE THE 30-FT.-HIGH CAR.



AN EXPLOSION THAT SIGNALS THE BEGINNING OF EASTER: THE MECHANICAL DOVE REACHES THE CATAFALQUE-LIKE CAR AND SETS FIRE TO THE PETARDS.

# A TRADITIONAL FLORENTINE CEREMONY THAT SIGNALS THE BEGINNING OF EASTER: *LO SCOPPIO DEL CARRO*, OR THE EXPLOSION OF THE CAR, WHICH TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

On Holy Saturday, April 8, a centuries-old traditional ceremony took place in Florence which marked the end of Lent and the beginning of Easter. This ceremony is known as *Lo Scoppio del Carro*, or the explosion of the car. After the Blessing of the new fire, a catafalque-like car, some 30 ft. high, is drawn in procession through the streets by four white oxen to a place between the Cathedral and the Baptistery. The oxen are then taken away (custom demands that they be kept in the Cascine all

the year and do no other work), and a long line is stretched from the car through the cathedral doorway and attached to a pillar in front of the altar. A *columbina*, or dove, made of wood, with a wheel and fuse inside it, is attached to the line and travels from the altar, bearing the fire, to ignite the car. If the dove runs true, lights the car, and returns to the altar it is considered to forecast a good vintage. This year the dove set fire to the petards on the car but failed to return to the altar.



## NO LONGER DIVINE, BUT DEEPLY REVERED: JAPAN'S EMPEROR AT HOME.



TRADITIONALLY BELIEVED TO DESCEND FROM THE EMPEROR JIMMU TENNŌ, 660 B.C.: THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF JAPAN. A GROUP SHOWING THE EMPEROR HIROHITO AND THE EMPRESS NAGAKO, SEATED, WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR GRANDSON OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



THE SECOND SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR: PRINCESS KAZUKO (TAKANOMIYA), BORN 1929, ARRANGING FLOWERS, A TRADITIONAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.



SERVING AS A MAID, IN PREPARATION FOR THE DUTIES OF A MARRIED WOMAN PRINCESS KAZUKO (TAKANOMIYA), IN EUROPEAN DRESS, SHREDDING A CABBAGE.



AT WORK IN THE KITCHEN, AS PART OF HER STUDIES IN PREPARATION FOR WIFEHOOD: PRINCESS KAZUKO (TAKANOMIYA), SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR.



BEFORE A DISPLAY OF DOLLS ON THE ANNUAL GIRLS' FESTIVAL: KAZUKO (TAKANOMIYA) WEARING THE TRADITIONAL DRESS OF A JAPANESE LADY.



BY THE GOLDFISH POND: THE EMPEROR WITH PRINCESS SHIGEKO (TERUNOMIYA) AND HER SON, PRINCESS KAZUKO (TAKANOMIYA), PRINCE MASAHITO OF YOSHINOMIYA AND PRINCESS SUGA.

Although the Emperor of Japan, who claims to descend from the first Emperor, Jimmu Tennō, 660 B.C., in a New Year broadcast at the end of 1945 explicitly divested himself of the attributes of divinity traditionally ascribed to him; under the new Constitution of 1946 his office remains hereditary, and his popularity and moral authority are as great as ever. Though no longer the legendary God-Emperor of Nippon, Hirohito is the Man-Emperor to whom the whole country looks for leadership, and he is a factor whose importance cannot be ignored when the future of Japan is

under consideration. He was born in 1901 and succeeded in 1926. He married Princess Nagako, daughter of H.I.H. Prince Kuninomiya, and is the father of a happy family. The eldest daughter, Princess Shigeko (Terunomiya), is married, and has a son and daughter, and the second surviving daughter, Princess Kazuko (Takanomiya), is of marriageable age. The Emperor and Empress have two sons, the Crown Prince Akihito of Tsugunomiya, born in 1933, and Prince Masahito of Yoshinomiya, two years younger. The youngest daughter is Princess Takeko Suga.



# AN EMPEROR ONCE RANKED AS A GOD: HIROHITO, TO WHOM ALL NIPPON LOOKS.



WITH THE CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO OF TSUGUNOMIYA: THE EMPEROR HIROHITO OF JAPAN AND THE EMPRESS NAGAKO, IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE, TOKYO.



SHOWING AN IMPORTANT BIOLOGICAL SPECIMEN TO THE EMPRESS: THE EMPEROR, WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE STUDY OF MARINE LIFE.



IN HIS STUDY AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE: EMPEROR HIROHITO, WHO, IT IS CLAIMED, DESCENDS FROM THE FOUNDER OF THE EMPIRE OF NIPPON.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: PRINCE AKIHITO OF TSUGUNOMIYA, BORN IN 1933. HE IS A FIRST-YEAR STUDENT IN THE HIGHER COURSE AT THE PEERS' SCHOOL.



WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN, SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCESS SHICEKO (TERUNOMIYA): THE EMPRESS NAGAKO, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PRINCE KUNINOMIYA.



WEARING JAPANESE NATIONAL DRESS: THE EMPRESS NAGAKO AT HER WRITING DESK. BEAUTIFUL CALLIGRAPHY IS AN ESSENTIAL ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR CULTURED JAPANESE.

The fact that in 1945 the Emperor Hirohito renounced the traditional Imperial claim to attributes of divinity was an event of immense importance in Nippon, or Japan. The Emperors, from 1186 until 1867 remained in a remote spiritual seclusion, while successive families of Shoguns exercised the temporal power on their behalf. In 1867 the Emperor Meiji recovered the full Imperial power, and in 1871 the Westernisation of the country began its rapid progress, but in spite of many changes both before and after the surrender to the Allied Powers at the end of the Second

World War, the Emperor remains the figure to whom all Japanese look. He bears the title of Imperial Son of Heaven of Great Japan. Hirohito, the present Emperor, born in 1901, is a man of many hobbies, and is specially interested in the study of marine life. He has established marine-life research institutes in various parts of Japan, and written a book on the subject. The Empress's personality and poise have helped to retain and increase the personal popularity of the Man-Emperor, descendant of generations of God-Emperors of Nippon.



IT is not very long since I last wrote about the problem of Germany, but there have been great changes in the time. The Western Republic, then only coming to birth, has settled down so quickly that we are tempted to forget how short its life has been. There has been nothing whatever sensational about its career so far. One or two controversial matters have indeed caused the occupying Powers a certain concern; but in view of the general situation, the continued dismantling of factories and workshops—now, it would seem, practically at an end—and the inevitable feeling about the future of the Saar, they must be considered to have been dealt with relatively easily. The martial figures representative of the victory gained in 1945—not yet quite five years ago—the military governors of the occupying Powers, have been withdrawn. It is of the greatest psychological and symbolic significance that they should have been replaced by men whose functions as well as their background are in the main diplomatic. Western Germany will shortly be represented in the Council of Europe, a state of affairs which would have appeared incredible only a short time ago, and whatever may be the material results of this development, its moral effects can hardly fail to be considerable.

Yet there is no more certainty about the future of Western Germany, or Germany as a whole, or indeed the continent of Europe, now than before these changes took place. Minds, the minds of Germans as well as of Britons, Americans and Frenchmen, still peer doubtfully into a situation of which they cannot foretell the upshot. Moreover, if there exist no foundations for prophecy, this is not even replaced by anything like unanimity about what is desirable or how Western policy towards Germany should be shaped. People are agreed neither upon what is likely to happen nor upon the most suitable action to be taken next. There is a school of thought, certainly in Britain

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WHERE GERMANY NOW STANDS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

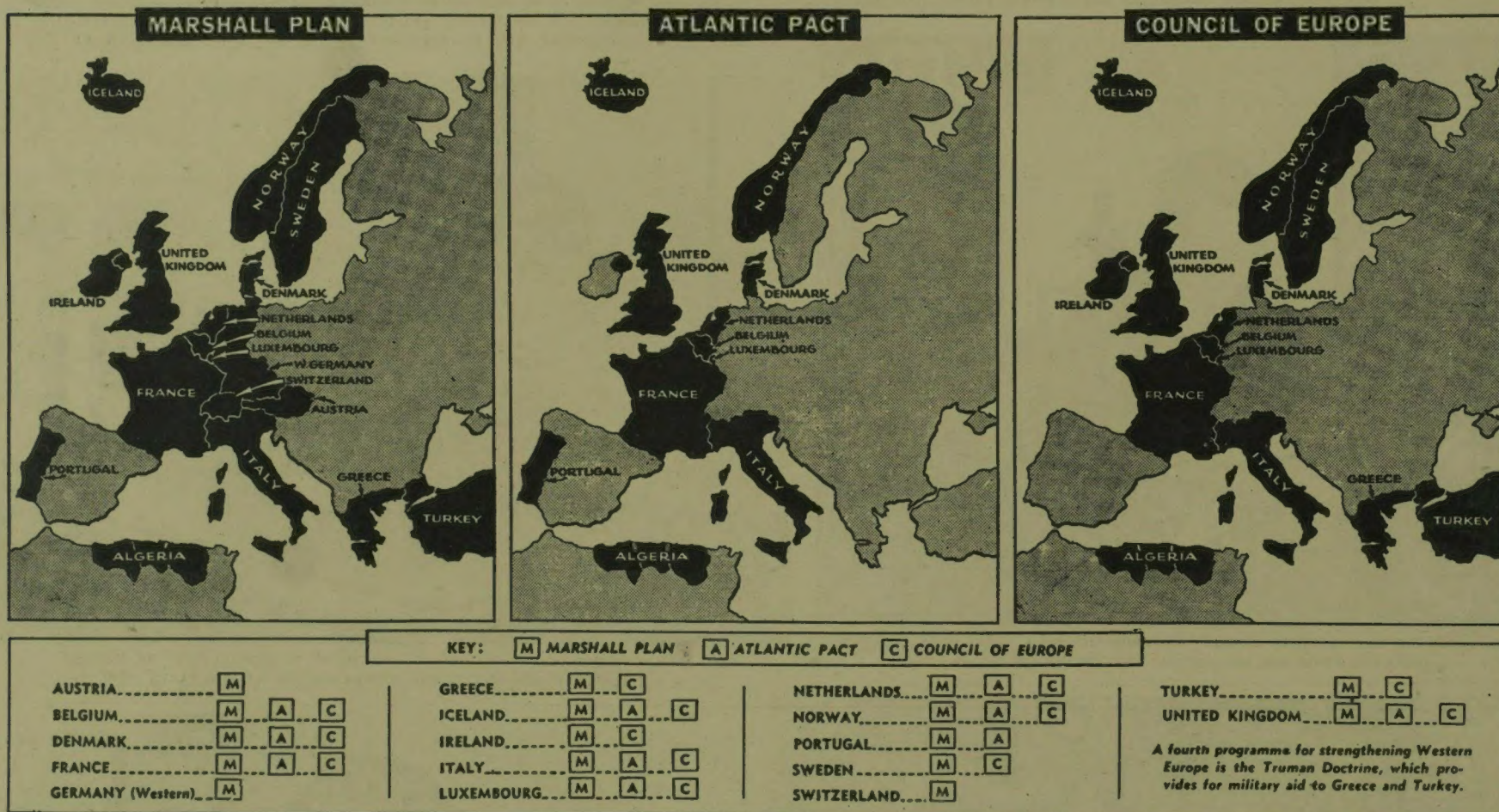
Mr. Churchill's recent speech in the House of Commons on the future of Germany was by common consent one of his greatest orations since the war. He took his line and he held to it without a qualification. We must hold out the hand of friendship to the Germans. We must draw them into a coalition for peace and security. We must foster the Western German State. He had already committed himself to advocacy of the policy of permitting and encouraging it to take part in the provision of its own security. There he had shown his accustomed boldness, even though he did not feel called upon to put forward details as to how this should be effected. The cautious were inclined to regret that he should have been so outspoken. Caution is often desirable and praiseworthy, but in this matter extreme caution must lead to dangerous absurdity. There may be ground for the argument that we should proceed slowly and that the time for action is not yet ripe—though even of this I am by no means sure—but it is impossible to imagine that the Western Allies can set up a State which they cannot and do not mean to defend themselves, forbid it to undertake its own defence, and yet count upon it as a factor for peace.

Those who discuss the subject but are afraid to try conclusions with this aspect of it are merely twittering about it. Every thread of the whole fabric leads here in the end. No one who has given the slightest attention to the study of strategy or who keeps his eyes and ears open can imagine that, in the event of a sudden Russian

what directions the spirit of the new Germany will develop. Here, however, there can be no possibility of avoiding risks. If there is risk in action, there is risk also in inaction. It is a question of balancing risks, while of course taking whatever precautions seem likely to minimise them.

As things are at present, Western Europe lives with the most deadly of threats, that of virtual extermination, continually poised above it. There are commentators and leaders of opinion who state that any sudden and violent aggressive action on the part of Soviet Russia is improbable, and that there is no reason to suppose open warfare to be in the offing. Their arguments are often sensible and convincing up to a point. Yet the honest listener knows in his heart that they are but speculation, even if intelligent speculation. The possibility remains that Russia is now engaged in completing certain technical processes leading to the production of the most deadly weapons of modern warfare, and that as soon as she has done so she will issue an ultimatum demanding that she shall have her will in Europe. This may be as much speculation as the more comforting opinion put forward earlier, but it can hardly be called a more improbable proposition. And though Western Europe, with the generous aid of the United States, has made efforts to increase the safety margin by means of military union and co-operative planning, it must have become clear that so far these measures, while most valuable in themselves, have not gone far towards lessening the peril and anxiety.

It is certainly not pretended that they would be brought to an end if Western Germany were restored to a position in which she could, in conjunction with the other nations of the West, undertake her own defence. Her rearmament would be a very lengthy process. There would be constant doubts, and it is to be feared wranglings, as to how far it was desirable the process should go, what lines it should follow, and what form of control would be needed. Initially,



"... THOUGH WESTERN EUROPE, WITH THE GENEROUS AID OF THE UNITED STATES, HAS MADE EFFORTS TO INCREASE THE SAFETY MARGIN BY MEANS OF MILITARY UNION AND CO-OPERATIVE PLANNING... SO FAR THESE MEASURES... HAVE NOT GONE FAR TOWARDS LESSENING THE PERIL AND ANXIETY": MAPS ILLUSTRATING THE ECONOMIC, MILITARY AND POLITICAL PROGRAMMES WORKING TOWARD THE UNIFICATION OF WESTERN EUROPE.

and in France, which warns us that Germany, not Soviet Russia, may yet be the next disturber of the peace of Europe and of the world. It declares that there exists a "German menace" which may prove to be more deadly than the "Russian menace." It points to certain signs of the survival of the old German aggressive spirit, which is manifestly not wholly extinguished and could not be expected to be. It is pessimistic about the prospects of moderate opinion holding this sentiment in check for long. And, since it takes this view, the very energy displayed in Western Germany, which would normally be welcome, is to it in itself ominous.

In some ways allied to this theory is another, rather more subtle. It is argued that the Western Allies would do well to pay less attention to Western Germany as a State and especially to building up its strength and solidity, because these are in themselves obstacles to German unity, and that is the real goal. If, say the expositors of this policy, Germany can be reunited, the void in Central Europe will be filled and there will follow a relaxation of the tension between East and West. Here I would answer that, while there is just a possibility that the believers in the "German menace" are right, the weakness of the other case is plain. Germany can at present be united only in two ways: on democratic terms or on Russian terms. Russia will not permit reunion on democratic terms. Reunion on Russian terms would mean Russian-directed Communist control, and we cannot afford to permit that. Thus the question of reunion has reached deadlock. I have often prophesied that reunion would come some day, but I do not think it will come soon; in fact, I hope not, because, if it were to come soon this would probably be as the result of some calamitous upheaval.

aggression, the Western Allies could initially attempt to hold ground east of the Rhine. It must, indeed, be apparent that they would be able to count themselves highly fortunate if they succeeded in holding the Rhine itself. This would involve the immediate abandonment of all but a small fraction of German territory and of the German population. It is true that German co-operation might be invaluable in the "cold war," whether or not it was backed by physical force. If we could be certain that we should not have to face anything worse than "cold war," then we might insist on the maintenance of German disarmament indefinitely, but whence can we draw such an assurance? Once we contemplate the possibility of war of an active kind, which our treaties and our military expenditure prove to be very much in our minds, then it becomes illogical to talk of co-operation and friendship with Germany while we cannot undertake to protect her and refuse to allow her to take measures to protect herself.

I have condemned those who lack the courage to confront the question, but I do not pretend that it is anything but thorny or that it is easy to see a way through its intricacies. It may well be that no move ought to be made towards endowing Germany with the means of self-protection until the rearmament of France has made satisfactory progress, partly because it is necessary to the latter's sense of security and prestige that she should be rearmed first, partly because the supply of military equipment would not suffice for both processes to be carried out simultaneously. Yet I suspect that some of those who use this argument do so only from dislike of committing themselves and that they will produce some other reason for postponing a decision as soon as this ceases to serve. I admit that positive action entails a heavy risk, because we do not know in

indeed, there might actually be a somewhat increased risk, since the possibility cannot be entirely disregarded that, if Soviet Russia were contemplating action, the Kremlin might be jolted into taking it by the first report that Western German rearmament was in prospect. On balance, however, it appears to me that this would represent a long step towards security. The present situation, a great area inhabited by some of the most vigorous and intelligent people in the world, and with vast industrial resources, but at the same time a complete void in respect of physical power, is anomalous in the extreme. Whatever be our views on the subject, we shall shortly find that opposition to the change becomes fruitless. It would be wiser to move of our own volition, because this would render it easier to control every step.

Those who recall my last article on the birth of the West German State will notice that my views on German rearmament have hardened in the interval. As I have pointed out on this occasion, I have always been and continue to be very sensible of the objections to the course which I am now advocating. Yet as I have turned the problem over in my mind I have become more and more convinced that the risks are less than those in which the do-nothings would involve us. I further believe that the decision will have to be taken this year. If the remotest prospect of the reunion of Germany should appear, we ought, of course, not to neglect it, but we cannot afford to chase what is probably a Will-o'-the-wisp to the detriment of our chances of attaining a sound and practical objective. The West German State has passed through its ceremonies of initiation. It is already well established. The time has come when it should assume the further functions of a national State, even though it must still remain under a measure of control.





AN UNUSUAL ANGLE ON ONE OF LONDON'S MOST POPULAR CEREMONIALS: LOOKING DOWN ACROSS WHITEHALL INTO THE FORECOURT OF THE HORSE GUARDS DURING THE CHANGING OF THE KING'S LIFE GUARD.

Every day The King's Life Guard is mounted by the Household Cavalry and the morning ceremonial of the changing of this Guard is one of the most impressive and popular of London's sights, and as our photograph shows many tourists and passers-by gather for the half-hour's ceremonial. The King's Life Guard is mounted by The Life Guards and The Royal Horse Guards (The Blues); and in our photograph

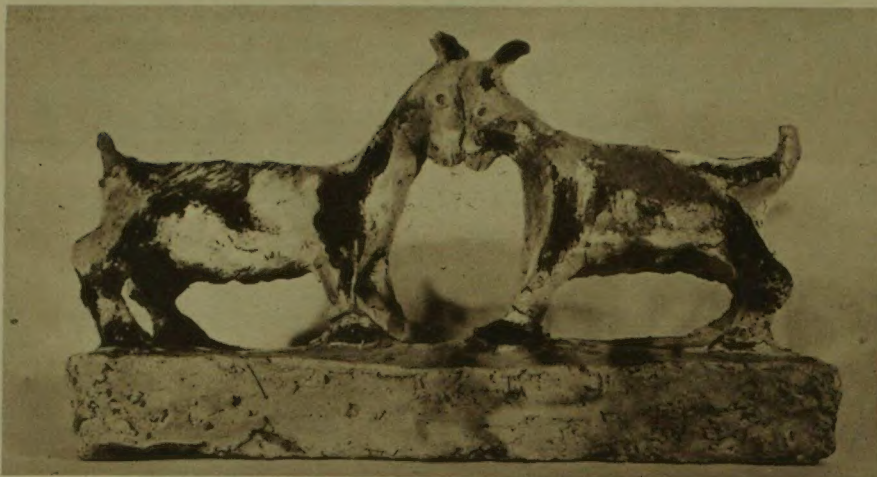
Life Guards, with their white plumes and scarlet cloaks with blue collars, can be seen on the right in the forecourt; while, facing them, are Royal Horse Guards, with red plumes to their helmets and wearing blue cloaks with scarlet collars. The mounted troopers in the two archways are both of The Life Guards. The photograph was taken from one of the upper windows of the War Office block.



## THE ART OF YOUNG EGYPT: SCULPTURE BY CHILDREN.

"SPONTANEITY in the Art of Young Egyptians," an exhibition of Painting, Sculpture and Tapestry by boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty years, at the Islamic Cultural Centre, Regent's Lodge, was due to end on April 20. It is a display which roused much admiration and interest when it was seen in Paris, and repeated its success in London. It is due to be seen in Rome and will no doubt be equally well-received there. The works on view are the fruits of a most interesting experiment in art education carried out by Professor Habib Gorgi, who chose a group of specially-gifted boys and girls, and set them to work, while keeping them away from the influence of any knowledge of drawing or conventional scholastic methods. They were left to find them-

[Continued opposite.



"GOATS"; BY A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY: A REMARKABLE PIECE OF FORCEFUL, SIMPLE, NATURAL OBSERVATION FORMALISED IN A SATISFACTORY DESIGN.



"HEAD"; BY AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY: THE EYE, IT MAY BE NOTED, IS PRESENTED IN THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FASHION.



"SEATED WOMAN"; BY AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY—ASWAN. THE CHILDREN TOOK THEIR INSPIRATION FROM SCENES AND FIGURES OF PRESENT-DAY EGYPT.

## SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF THE CREATIVE URGE

Continued.] selves and to follow their own creative self-expression. The Professor's experiment "was inspired by a desire to resuscitate Egyptian art by a reversion to those ancient traditions of the times of the Pharaohs which were obliterated by Greece some thousands of years ago," Etienne Drioton wrote in the foreword to the catalogue, and added that the Professor had to teach his pupils to conceive their ideas in mass composition as they modelled the clay, and to guide them in the choice of their inspiration and in the application of their methods of expression without ever influencing them. The experiment has had the encouragement and approval of the King of Egypt. Last week we reproduced photographs of two sculpture groups from the exhibition and on this page we illustrate other examples.



"BUST," IN CLAY AND SHELLS; BY MOHAMED, AGED TWELVE—ASWAN. AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE YOUNG SCULPTORS.



"A STONE RELIEF" OF A CHARACTERISTIC EGYPTIAN SCENE; BY YEHIA ABOU SIRIH, AGED SEVENTEEN. AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF AN ELDER PUPIL.



"A GROUP OF FIGURES, SHEEP AND AN OX"; BY YEHIA ABOU SIRIH, AGED SIXTEEN. THE COMPOSITION SHOWS GREAT ARTISTIC FEELING.



"A WOMAN," MODELLED IN CLAY: AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF A CHILD OF ELEVEN, SAYEDA MISSAC.



"A WOMAN" MODELLED IN CLAY: THIS LITTLE SCULPTURE IS THE WORK OF SAYEDA MISSAC WHEN SHE WAS TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.



"A WOMAN WITH A BASKET"; A FIGURE IN CLAY MODELLED BY SAYEDA MISSAC WHEN SHE HAD REACHED THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.



"WOMAN AND CHILD"; BY SAYEDA MISSAC, MODELLED WHEN SHE WAS AGED NINETEEN.





WHEN THE WORLD'S ON WHEELS AND THE WHEELS ARE IN THE CYCLE-PARK: AN UNUSUAL SIDELIGHT ON THE EASTER HOLIDAYS;  
AT HERNE HILL, DURING THE RUNNING OF THE "CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS" CYCLING RACE.

This remarkable scene—which may help to put in its right focus the motorist's problem when confronted with a crowded car-park—was photographed on Good Friday at that Mecca of cyclists, Herne Hill, when the "Champion of Champions" International 1000-metre sprint race was being run. Good Friday was fine and dry and, as can be seen from this view of the cycle-park, there were plenty of cycling

enthusiasts among the spectators at the meet. The "Champion of Champions" race was won by Australia in the person of S. Patterson, who led from J. Heid (U.S.A.) by one-and-a-quarter lengths; with last year's winner, J. Bellenger, of France, third. The same three took the first three places in the 500 metres, Bellenger in this case leading from Patterson and Heid.





AN ALL-BRITISH MOTOR SHOW IN ONE OF THE BUSIEST PARTS OF NEW YORK CITY: THE AUSTIN STAND IN THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE.



A FOCAL-POINT OF THE CAR SHOW: THE WORLD'S FIRST EXPERIMENTAL TURBO-CAR, MANUFACTURED BY THE ROVER CO. LTD., WHICH HAS EXCITED MUCH INTEREST.



A MOTOR SHOW WHERE NEW YORKERS MAY CHOOSE BETWEEN LARGE AND SMALL CARS: A DAIMLER STRAIGHT-EIGHT AND A MODEL OF AN AUSTIN.

The British Motor and Motor-Cycle Show, of which we show some of the exhibits above, opened on April 15 at the Grand Central Palace in New York. Among the speakers at the opening ceremonies were Mr. Hoffman, the E.C.A. Administrator, and Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador; and among the points made was the one that although the British motor manufacturers were not expecting to capture the huge American car-market, they were nevertheless hoping to make an even more substantial contribution to closing the dollar gap than they had already done. The exhibitors were surprised and delighted by the

## THE FIRST ALL-BRITISH MOTOR AND A DOLLAR-EARNING "SHOP WINDOW"



"THE FASTEST CAR ON EARTH" AND AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THE SHOW: THE RAILTON-NAPIER IN WHICH JOHN COBB ACHIEVED THE WORLD'S LAND-SPEED RECORD.



SEEN FROM ABOVE: THE ENGINE COMPARTMENT OF THE ROVER TURBO-CAR; THE STARTER MOTOR CAN BE SEEN PROTRUDING AT THE EXTREME REAR OF THE ENGINE.



NOW FLYING FOR HIRE IN NEW YORK: A BRITISH-BUILT AUSTIN TAXI (LEFT) SEEN ALONGSIDE A STANDARD NEW YORK CAB.

interest shown and in the size of the crowds, who paid nearly a dollar to see the show. Before the doors opened about 2000 people were waiting to get in, and the first day's attendance totalled 18,000. Among the first-day visitors were Mr. Henry Ford II, president of the Ford Motor Company, who called the Show

## MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW IN NEW YORK: FOR THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY.



OF INTEREST TO POTENTIAL AMERICAN PURCHASERS WHO ARE WANTING TO "BUY BRITISH": THE HILLMAN CAR COMPANY'S "GHOST" MINI.



HOLDING SIXTY-THREE OFFICIAL STOCK CAR SPEED RECORDS: THE AUSTIN ATLANTIC, WHICH WAS DRIVEN TO GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK, BY MR. ALAN HESS.



WITH AN UPPER DECK BUILT FOR OBSERVATION DURING MOTOR TOURS: A JAMES WHITSON FODEN TOURING BUS. IT HAS A DIESEL TWO-STROKE ENGINE.

"wonderful". And Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors Corporation. Among the exhibits which attracted special interest were the new experimental turbo-jet motor-car made by Rover Ltd.—the world's first turbo car—of which we show two views; the Jaguar, which now ranks as the world's



THE WORLD'S FASTEST STOCK CAR AND A GREAT ATTRACTION TO YOUTH: A SPORTS JAGUAR WHICH CAN DO MORE THAN 100 MILES PER HOUR.



CARS AND TRUCKS THAT ARE LIKELY TO BE BIG DOLLAR-EARNERS SEEN IN NEW YORK: PROPERT AND ANGIA CARS AND THAMES TRUCKS.



THE MOST EXPENSIVE CAR IN THE WHOLE SHOW: A ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER WRAITH SEDAN WHICH IS WORTH \$24,700 DELIVERED. IT IS A 147-H.P. CAR.

fastest stock car; and the Railton-Napier, the fastest car on earth. A good deal of interest has been aroused in New York by a British taxi-cab which has just started to ply in the New York streets, where it has been much patronized. Novelty probably accounts for its initial popularity, but the owner is reported to be much impressed by its low petrol consumption. Although British luxury cars and motor-cycles have a considerable popularity in the States, the best hope for increased sales of British cars is believed to lie in the small-car, low-price range, such cars being less and less available from American manufacturers.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:  
PEOPLE IN THE HEADLINES.**SIR OWEN DIXON.**

Appointed as the United Nations' mediator between India and Pakistan in the execution of a five-month programme of demilitarisation in Kashmir as a preliminary to the plebiscite there. Sir Owen, who was born in 1886, has been a member of the Australian High Court of Justice since 1929.

**MARSHAL FEVZI CHAKMAK.**

Died in Istanbul recently, aged seventy-eight. He was one of the closest collaborators of Kemal Ataturk in the founding of the new Turkey, and was the creator of the present-day Turkish Army. At the age of thirty-nine he became Chief of the Turkish General Staff. He was the Republic's first Marshal.

**MR. WALTER HUSTON.**

Died in Hollywood on April 7, aged sixty-six. Born in Toronto, he started his career as a film actor in 1929 with his appearance in a silent film, "Gentlemen of the Press." He later took the name-part in many films, including "Abraham Lincoln" and "Gabriel Over the White House."

**GROUP OFFICER N. M. SALMON.**

Appointed Director of the Women's Royal Air Force from July 1 next, with the acting rank of Air Commandant, in succession to Air Commandant Dame Felicity Hanbury, who is retiring. Group Officer Salmon, who is forty-three, was recently appointed W.R.A.F. Staff Officer at British Air Force H.Q. in Germany. Dame Felicity Hanbury has been Director since 1946.



(LEFT.) THE KING OF EGYPT ENTERTAINS BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN OFFICERS AT TEA ON THE ROYAL ESTATE AT INCHASS: H.M. KING FAROUK (CENTRE) AND GUESTS.

On April 10 the King of Egypt entertained British and Egyptian officers at tea at Inchass, near Cairo. Our group shows (l. to r.) H.E. Mohamed Haider Pacha, General Sir John Crocker, C.-in-C., Middle East Land Forces, King Farouk, Air Marshal Sir John W. Baker, C.-in-C., Middle East Air Force, and Omar Fathi Pacha.

THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS: THE LATE VASLAV NIIJINSKY, WITH HIS WIFE. Vaslav Nijinsky, the great ballet dancer, died in London on April 8. He was born of Polish parents at Kiev in 1890 and at the age of eighteen was dancing leading roles opposite Pavlova and Karsavina. His brilliant career was tragically brief, for in 1918 he was afflicted by a mental disease from which, despite the care and efforts of his wife, he never really recovered. He was in Hungary at the end of World War II., and in 1947 he came to live in England.



THE OFFICIAL AFFILIATION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS AND THE 10TH GURKHA RIFLES (PRINCESS MARY'S OWN): A GROUP AT GLENCORSE BARRACKS—THE PRINCESS ROYAL (CENTRE).

The official affiliation of The Royal Scots, the oldest British regiment of the line, with the 10th Gurkha Rifles (Princess Mary's Own) was on April 4 symbolised by a ceremony at Glencorse Barracks, when (as illustrated in our issue of April 15) the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief, The Royal Scots, presented two Highland claymores to representatives of the 10th Gurkha Rifles, now in Malaya. The swords were handed by the Princess to General Sir Philip Christisen, Bt., Colonel of the 10th Gurkhas.



RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON: THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR, SEÑOR C. A. HOGAN, WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN, MARIA, AGED FOUR, AND TOMAS, AGED TWO. Señor Carlos Alberto Hogan, the new Argentine Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, arrived at the Royal Victoria Docks, London, on April 13 in the liner *Presidente Peron*. Señor Hogan replaces Dr. Ricardo de Labougle, who resigned after being recalled to Buenos Aires. The new Ambassador was manager of the Social Aid Department of the Argentine State Oilfields before his present appointment. For some years he has been a close follower of President Peron.



THE MEN WHO SIGNED THE DELHI PACT: MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN (RIGHT), AND MR. NEHRU, PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA.

An agreement on minority rights, with special reference to the disturbed conditions in East Bengal, West Bengal, Assam and Tripura State, was signed by the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan in New Delhi on April 8. Both the Prime Ministers expressed the hope that the pact would mark the beginning of a new era of co-operation between India and Pakistan and that the drift towards war had been finally halted. The pact was signed at the end of a seven-day conference in New Delhi.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD READING.

## IMPORTANT RECRUITS FOR THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: TWO PROMINENT LIBERAL PEERS.

Two prominent Liberal peers, Lord Reading and Lord Rennell of Rodd, recently announced their decision to transfer their support to the Conservative Party, which they regard as being "the only party capable of offering effective resistance to Socialism." Both the peers, who were Liberal front-benchers, are able speakers and have made notable contributions to many of the great debates in the House of Lords. At the General Election only nine of the Liberal Party's 475 candidates were returned.



LORD RENNELL.



MR. STANLEY EVANS.

The fifty-two-year-old Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food resigned on April 16, having held the post for only forty-five days. His resignation followed two attacks on the farmers, which produced many protests from them. Commenting on his Manchester speech, in which he said "no nation featherbeds its agriculture like Britain," Mr. Evans said it "was done with my eyes open."

BELGIUM'S "ROYAL QUESTION": KING LEOPOLD (RIGHT) WITH HIS NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD SON PRINCE BAUDOUIN IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR SWISS HOME AT PRÉGNY, NEAR GENEVA.

The burning problem of the future of King Leopold which has caused deadlock in Belgium for so long seemed nearer a solution after a broadcast by the King on April 15. His Majesty made the suggestion that he should return to the throne, but that he would delegate the exercise of his prerogatives "temporarily" to Prince Baudouin, his nineteen-year-old son, and heir to the Throne. The King's broadcast reflected profound emotion and a firm desire that concord should be restored. At the time of writing the implications of the King's broadcast are still being closely studied.



PILOT OF THE DAMAGED B.E.A. VIKING AIR-LINER VIGILANT: CAPTAIN IAN HARVEY.

Captain Ian Harvey, a twenty-seven-year-old pilot, from Bristol, successfully landed the B.E.A. Viking air-liner Vigilant at Northolt on April 13 after it had been severely damaged in an explosion when it was mid-way over the Channel. Captain Harvey's feat in landing the aircraft was described as "an extraordinary achievement."



MARRIED TO AN AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENT: PRINCESS FATMEH PAHLEVI, OF PERSIA, IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

Princess Fatmeh Pahlvi, the twenty-one-year-old sister of the Shah of Persia, married an American student, Mr. Vincent Lee Hillyer, at the Roman seaport of Civitavecchia on April 13. It was later reported that the Princess had been deprived, by order of the Imperial Court of Teheran, of her Royal status. Information from Teheran said that the marriage took place without the permission of the Shah.



SIR ALBERT DUNSTAN.

Died on April 14 at Melbourne, Australia, aged sixty-eight. He was Minister of Health for Victoria, and Premier of the State from 1935 to 1945, a record term of ten-and-a-half years. He entered Parliament in 1920 and was a member of the Country Party for five years; in 1925 he formed, and was the first leader of, the Country Progressive Party. In 1937 he represented Victoria at the King's Coronation.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### PROBLEMS OF BIRD MIGRATION.

By RICHARD PERRY.

THE migration of birds has many facets, all of them complex. Commonly, we think of migration in terms of those vast bi-annual migratory movements which oscillate perpetually to and fro, mainly north and south, but also from east to west, across the world's land-masses, and up and down the coastal edges, in autumn and spring. But there is another aspect of migration, conducted by equally vast aggregations of birds—that of sea-birds. Now, one of the few facts which one can fasten on in the phenomenon of bird migration is that the land-bird tends to migrate between two fixed points on the earth's surface, represented by its nesting territory and its winter quarters. Moreover, as the bulk of land-bird migration follows coastlines and valleys, there is a probability that these migrants make some use of remembered landmarks by which to orientate from one point to the other. In putting forward this probability, however, we must not forget that it cannot apply to all migrants. The fledgling cuckoo, for example, migrates south in autumn, a couple of months after its parents, to winter quarters of whose locality it is not only unaware, but of whose very existence it must also be unaware! Yet a satisfactory percentage of fledgling cuckoos born in Europe duly arrive every autumn in the traditional winter quarters peculiar to their kind in South Africa and Arabia. It is difficult to believe that a young bird can have a hereditary memory of landmarks. It is equally difficult to believe that it is directed to its unknown goal by a mechanical adjustment to changing temperatures or air currents or its position in the earth's magnetic field. But it arrives.

Again, a land-bird nesting in Greenland, say, and wintering in Africa, will have to traverse three stretches of open sea, without landmarks, of from 200 to 300 miles each, between Greenland and Iceland, Iceland and Faeroe, and Faeroe and Shetland, in the course of its bi-annual migrations. Such a bird is, however, still travelling between fixed points. This, however, cannot be claimed for all sea-birds. Certainly, some species of sea-birds may also have a more or less fixed point for their winter quarters. The Grand Banks off Newfoundland are a famous sea-bird resort in winter, and can fairly be termed a fixed point, for no fewer than eight young kittiwakes and two young puffins, all ringed at British breeding-stations, have been recovered in Newfoundland or Labrador, besides other kittiwakes from Denmark, Iceland and Greenland, the two from Iceland being adults. The young puffins, at any rate, and probably the kittiwakes also, can be considered as coming into approximately the same category as the young cuckoos, for the fledgling puffin is not accompanied by its parents when it goes down to the sea from the nesting burrow. How, then, does it find its way to this traditional wintering-ground of puffins, of which it is unaware? We may postulate that after leaving its burrow it eventually joins up with other puffins, including some of the adults who

but British kittiwakes, for example, besides being recovered in Newfoundland, have also been recaptured in Southern Greenland, in the Davis Strait, in Iceland, and in Faeroe, Denmark, Holland and the Bay of Biscay—a dispersal to all points of the compass.

Such a dispersal leads us on to consider the most puzzling type of migratory wandering, exhibited by such birds as shearwaters, whose wanderings may reach from Antarctic to Arctic, without ever a landfall.



"... NO FEWER THAN EIGHT YOUNG KITTIWAKES AND TWO YOUNG PUFFINS, ALL RINGED AT BRITISH BREEDING-STATIONS, HAVE BEEN RECOVERED IN NEWFOUNDLAND OR LABRADOR": FLEDGLING KITTIWAKES WHICH, A FEW WEEKS LATER, MAY BE DISPERSED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC. [Photograph by Alan Richardson.]

Clearly, throughout the duration of its wanderings, such a migrant never loses touch with its birthplace or breeding-ground. It, or the majority of its kind, can home accurately over several thousand miles of ocean, at any time when the inclination seizes it.

In this respect the marking of birds with numbered aluminium leg-rings opens up a wonderfully interesting field of knowledge and discovery. Such ringing is now conducted on a colossal scale in Europe

and North America. But though more than three-quarters of a million birds have been ringed in Britain alone during the past forty years, we need a vastly greater number than this to make up for the small percentage of recoveries. Quite apart from the solid satisfaction of discovering precisely where any ringed bird you pick up, or trap at a ringing station, has come from, there are such incidents of interest as the age to which a wild bird may attain, or whether it returns to the same nesting-place, and even nest-hole, year after year, and so forth. Ringing, of course, has vexatious disadvantages in the time-lag between ringing and recovery, and in the very small percentage

of recoveries. These may be less than 1 per cent. of the small warblers ringed, though for wildfowl, such as mallard, returns are good and may reach 20 per cent. Still, even if you have to wait years for any return, it is worth it when you receive the news that a nesting kittiwake from the Farne Islands (which I can see from my window as I write this) has been recovered in Newfoundland. I confess that I am always hopeful that I shall receive further news of the 140-odd skuas I ringed in Shetland four summers ago, though recoveries from such pelagic birds are few, and only some 3 per cent. of ringed skuas have

been recovered. Actually, only one of my skuas has been recovered. This was a seven-months-old great skua, which alighted exhausted on a French fishing smack off West Flanders on January 6, 1947, and died the next day. This summer those ringed nestlings will be four years old, and it is time that some of them were returning from their Atlantic wanderings to their Shetland birthplace, for no ringed skuas have been seen in Shetland in the intervening years—presuming, that is, that they do return to Shetland, and not to those other great skua colonies in Orkney or Faeroe or Iceland.

It is a short step from Shetland to the Fair Isle, with its new bird-ringing observatory. What is the reason for the Fair Isle's unique popularity as a migratory station? Mainly its fortunate position as an isolated island almost equidistant from both Shetland and Orkney, and visible from both; while the migrants concentrating there are composed of birds from two migratory streams converging on Shetland, one from Arctic America, Greenland and Iceland, and the other from Arctic Europe, Siberia and Scandinavia: both streams migrating from their nesting-grounds in those high latitudes to winter quarters in Europe and Africa, and even farther south and east.

But the return migration through the Fair Isle in spring is nothing like so concentrated or apparently so numerous. Moreover, prevailing spells of westerly winds, in either spring or autumn, clamp a damper on these migrations, and not a tithe of the normal numbers of migrants are seen on Fair Isle. At either season south-easterly winds with sea-fog are essential for big rushes and hold-ups of migrants. What happens to those vast numbers of migrants in those years with prevailing westerly winds? They must, of course, migrate south and north as usual. Do westerly winds deflect most of them to the eastern shores of the North Sea, so that they follow the European coastline? Or, with clear westerly weather, do they fly high over Shetland and the Fair Isle non-stop? One might believe that they do the former. Yet the remarkable fact is that no sooner is there a shift in the wind to the south-east, accompanied by sea-fog, than migrants immediately begin alighting on Fair Isle in large numbers. This they could hardly do if they had previously been following the European coastline a couple of hundred miles to the east.

A similar phenomenon is observable at night. On clear, starlit nights few migrants are attracted by the powerful beams of lighthouses. But should cloud come down, great numbers of migrants very shortly appear at the lantern, to disappear as suddenly when the skies clear. It might be argued that most migration takes place at night, unseen: but, if this is the case, where do the migrants rest by day in those seasons when few are seen? We can hazard that most fly some miles offshore on a parallel course with the coastline, only coming in to land in thick weather:



A REGULAR MIGRANT ALONG THE COASTS OF SCOTLAND AND THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND: THE ARCTIC SKUA WHICH, THOUGH NESTING IN NORTH SCOTLAND AND IN THE SHETLANDS, WINTERS IN THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC. [Photograph by G. T. Kay.]



"ONLY SOME 3 PER CENT. OF RINGED SKUAS HAVE BEEN RECOVERED": A GREAT SKUA INCUBATING ON NOSS. IT BREEDS ONLY IN THE SHETLANDS AND ORKNEYS, THE FAEROE ISLANDS AND ICELAND, AND WINTERS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. [Photograph by G. T. Kay.]

are bound for the Grand Banks, with which they are familiar from previous winters; or that the migrations of the prey on which it feeds are also to the Banks; but we do not really believe that either conjecture is either probable or satisfying.

But, in general, sea-birds are not tied to the passerine's fixed wintering-ground. If recoveries of ringed birds be accepted as a reliable criterion, then every single English-bred linnet which winters abroad—and not every English linnet emigrates of course—every one of these winters in a comparatively small coastal area north and west of the Basses Pyrénées;

but how extraordinarily few are the records of migratory birds observed at sea. For that matter, how few records there are of those thousands that must cross the North Sea from Scandinavia or from Faeroe to Shetland.

It will be seen that bird migration fairly bristles with intriguing and unsolved problems. Ringing can probably never clear up all these problems, but when really large numbers of recoveries are available, we should at any rate have a clearer understanding of routes and time-tables, as the numbers of recoveries of migrants ringed at migratory stations are so far very small.



## ROYAL OCCASIONS IN MALTA AND KENYA; AND AERONAUTICAL ITEMS.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH THE R.A.F. IN MALTA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING AN AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT AT THE LUQA STATION. AIR MARSHAL D'AETH TO LEFT OF THE PRINCESS. On April 12, Princess Elizabeth visited the R.A.F. formation at Luqa, in Malta. She was accompanied by Air Marshal N. H. D'Aeth, Air Officer Commanding, and Group Captain L. F. Brown, Officer Commanding the Station. She inspected detachments from 73 Vampire Fighter Squadron and 37 and



DURING HER VISIT TO THE BARRACK BLOCK AT LUQA R.A.F. STATION: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH (LEFT) WING COMMANDER B. O. DIAS AND (LEFT, BACKGROUND) AIR MARSHAL N. H. D'AETH. 38 Lancaster Squadrons; and drove past a number of other units. She saw a static display of equipment, watched a flying display, and toured the barrack block, the married quarters and the N.A.A.F.I. She was presented with a model of a Vampire Mk. 3, made by Maltese craftsmen.



WHERE THE LIONS ARE SO TAME THAT THEY APPROACH WITHIN FIVE YARDS OF A CAR TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WATCHING SOME OF THE PRIDE AT NAIROBI. After the ceremonies which made Nairobi the newest city of the Commonwealth (reported in our last issue), the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester drove out to the National Park, and within twenty minutes were in the midst of a pride of lions playing around their car and approaching within a few yards of it. The lions were photographed by the Duke of Gloucester, who took several hundred feet of colour film of several kinds of wild game.



SIMILAR TO THE AIRCRAFT WHICH IS MISSING IN THE BALTIC AND BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN A RUSSO-U.S. INCIDENT: A B.24 PRIVATEER ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT.

On April 8, a U.S. Privateer aircraft (unarmed) was reported missing on a training flight from Wiesbaden to Copenhagen, and U.S. aircraft began an extensive search over the Baltic. On April 11, the Soviet protested to the U.S. that on April 8 a four-engined bomber of the B.29 (Superfortress) type had flown over Russian territory in Latvia, had failed to obey landing instructions, and had fired at Russian fighters, who then fired at the American aircraft. The U.S. aircraft had then disappeared towards the sea. The U.S. intensified their search, without result, to date, but a British steamer, *Beechland*, found on April 15 an aircraft's rubber life-raft in the Baltic 65 miles south-east of Stockholm.



PERHAPS THE EARLIEST OF THE "FLYING SAUCERS": THE LEE-RICHARDS ANNULAR MONOPLANE RECONSTRUCTED IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MODEL OF THE 1910-14 ORIGINAL. A fresh spate of rumours of "flying saucers" seen in the United States or Mexico, together with claims made in the U.S. Press that what has been seen amounts to secret experimental aircraft, revives interest in the Lee-Richards annular monoplane, a model of which exists in the Science Museum, South Kensington. This monoplane, which was developed by Mr. Tilghman Richards and Mr. Cedric Lee in the years 1910-14, was the most successful of early revolutionary designs in flight and stability.



## ENGLISH ART BEFORE THE RENAISSANCE.

"THE SEQUENCE OF ENGLISH MEDIEVAL ART": By WALTER OAKESHOTT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE works of "our Gothick ancestors" (as our Georgian ancestors regarded them, though the barbarian Goths had nothing to do with Gothic), are receiving an increasing amount of attention, and an increasing amount of intelligent and learned attention. Increasingly it is being recognised that England, like the rest of Western Europe, reached in many regards, during the Middle Ages, a height of civilisation which has not been attained since. The city of Canterbury has holes in it, made by materialistic "Progress"; for all I know to the contrary, there may be within sight of the Cathedral there, in which still hang the tabard and gloves of the Black Prince, glaring brick villas, mass-produced grey council-houses, and "pre-fabs"; the Cathedral standing as a rebuke above them all. But the great Cathedral still stands.

So also many other great cathedrals. So also, a little old stained glass, a certain amount of mediæval wall-painting, and a very considerable number of illuminated manuscripts. There was an immense amount of destruction under Henry VIII. who, to fill his treasury and glut his greedy adherents, destroyed abbeys and shrines, and let precious manuscripts go into the rag-bag; there was a greater and more deliberate destruction under Cromwell, whose emissaries were sent out to all points of the compass to break to smithereens the old statues and windows of the "Idolaters" who had preferred the gentleness of the New Testament to the violence of the Old, and who believed, in the spirit of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame," that men can best express their gratitude to their Maker by laying at His feet the best products of the talents with which He had endowed them. But enough remains to give us a clue to what we lost in the civil and "religious" convulsions. Of the buildings, many (and their architects are slowly being sorted out) survive; so do some of their statues; Professor Tristram, Clive Rouse, and others are slowly redeeming many of their paintings from coats of Roundhead whitewash; and there are great numbers of illuminated manuscripts.

There is still plenty of resuscitation work to be done. The statues and the glass have mostly gone (though there are instances of dispersed fragments of glass being reassembled); but there are still, probably, many wall-paintings to be uncovered, there may be illuminated manuscripts to be retrieved and properly ascribed, and there are even (though these don't relate, except spiritually, to the book under review) treasures of our mediæval music, notably works by Henry VI.'s friend John of Dunstable, the whereabouts of which are known, but which have never yet been printed. Much of our past is irrecoverable. "London thou art the floure of cities all" wrote the Scot (and Scotsmen are not lavish with bouquets) Dunbar in the fifteenth century. The London whose beauty overcame Dunbar, and was later recorded in Hollar's drawings, went in the Great Fire of 1666, a hundred and fifty years afterwards. Cobbett denounced that same London as "The Wen." What Cobbett would say were he to return to London to-day I can merely conjecture: he had been a sergeant in the Army, so I conceive that he wouldn't have been short of derogatory words: when he wrote there were marshes and snipe in Sloane Square and Hampstead was a remote and charming village which could be descried from Bedford Square across fields full of cows and wheat. Yet, in spite of all enemies, foreign or native, of "England, Home and Beauty," enough remains to link us with our sires, and to fortify us for the difficult struggle (never more difficult than now) to carry on the tradition, Christian, chivalrous and æsthetic, "*ad maiorem gloriam Dei*."

The Headmaster of Winchester has not attempted a general history of English Mediæval Art: that would

necessitate a horde of scholars and many volumes. He has merely written an Essay showing the main phases of its development, illustrated by plates, mostly reproducing pictures from illuminated manuscripts, though a few derive from wall-paintings and stained-glass windows. The illustrations bear strictly on the text: there is nothing of the anthology about the book: and those who expect to find in it reproductions of their favourite windows or pages from Missals, Gospels, Psalteries and Books of Hours may be

disappointed, as there are but fifty-six plates, and they cover a period of eight centuries. The author set himself one definite task and has carried it out in the most lucid and convincing way. For sheer concentration of knowledge and clarity of exposition I can remember no essay in artistic history to equal it: it brings back to my mind such essays in a parallel field as Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" and Augustus Ward's "Thirty Years' War."

It is, however, a book very difficult to describe; it is not easy to summarise a summary. Its quality, tone and range may perhaps be best indicated by one long quotation. "The illustrations which are the main feature of this book," says the author, with modest mendacity, "were chosen to show the most important changes in the work of artists working in England during the eight hundred years from A.D. 650-1450. Before these changes are discussed, however, it may be well to say something of the ground which all these men have in common. For the Northumbrian artists of the period before Charlemagne, the Winchester artists of the later thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries share certain

attitudes which differentiate their work notably from the art of the Renaissance or later periods. Thus they have no interest in a naturalistic representation of their subject, or in furnishing a naturalistic setting for it. If they draw a tree or a beast or a fish, they do so either because it is an essential part of their pattern; or because it is part of the story—as the lion is essential to the story of David rescuing the lamb from the lion's jaws; or because it is a symbol, like the lion of St. Mark or the eagle of St. John. The artist painting after 1450 was normally concerned to make his work convincing as a naturalistic picture, and his landscapes were often crowded with incident having no essential relationship to his subject. It was part of his job to show that subject in a setting of ordinary, everyday life. He might draw Icarus falling from heaven, but the ploughman would be working in the fields. Business as usual. It might be St. Jerome working in that study, but the study would be such as any more ordinary student of the scriptures would be delighted to possess. And if tradition presented a problem by insisting that Jerome should have a lion with him—a relic of the mediæval symbolism that will be discussed later—this would be made plausible and ordinary by representing it like a large, but delightful, and obviously entirely tame, tabby cat. This representation of every subject as part of normal existence is typical of Renaissance painters,

who were out of sympathy with mediæval themes like the Ascension or Last Judgment. It is as if they had to make their religious pictures convincingly realistic if they were to persuade anyone to believe in them. But the mediæval artist was under no necessity of making his pictures convincing, for no one then needed convincing that David rescuing the lamb, or St. John standing at the foot of the Cross, or the Archangel Michael slaying the dragon, or the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, were as real as anything else with which he was concerned. And so when one of our artists sets his figures against a landscape, it is a sure sign that the Renaissance has already begun."

Mr. Oakeshott does not accept the theory (prevalent in Ireland) that our early post-Roman art was Irish in origin. "This assumption has been vitiated by recent discoveries, particularly by the find of Saxon jewellery from the mid-seventh century at Sutton Hoo." The Saxons certainly, for a century and a half after their arrival, created chaos (though their intermingling is proved by the survival of British names for hills and streams), but they brought art with them; and "after the arrival of Augustine's mission in 597, there were several generations of increasing stability during which some of the advantages of Roman civilisation were recovered, without its artistic dullness. Bede, one of the greatest historians of the Middle Ages, who worked in Northumbria at the time the 'Lindisfarne Gospels' were produced there, says that in King Edwin's day, a hundred years before his own, there was such perfect peace in Edwin's kingdom that, in the words of the proverb, a woman with her new-born babe might walk from sea to sea unharmed."

It is pleasant to find Mr. Oakeshott referring to the Venerable Bede, an extremely learned and civilised man, as a man of the Middle Ages. The pagan invasions from the North, taking advantage of the decaying Roman Empire's addiction to taxation, bureaucracy, miscegenation, bread and circuses, swamped all Europe; but it didn't take the pagans long to learn from the conquered, and the "Dark Ages" did not last long. The earliest illustration in this book is a coloured plate: it reproduces a Lion of St. Mark from the Book of Durrow, made in Northumbria about A.D. 670. Mr. Oakeshott's conjecture about the date puzzles me a little; he suggests 670, and then conjectures that Colman might have taken it away in 664. Anyhow, the survival of some things is extraordinary: "it is surprising that the book has survived at all, since it is said that water used to be poured over it in order that ailing cattle should be treated with the magic liquid." But the fact remains that that utterly fierce heraldic lion and the many-coloured convoluted border are as firm, bold and subtle as anything ever drawn and coloured before or since.

Is it that the invention and products of printing have led the last few centuries of us to look down on our predecessors? I can't think of any other explanation.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 636 of this issue.



MR. WALTER FRASER OAKESHOTT, M.A., F.S.A., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Walter Fraser Oakeshott, who was born in 1903, has been Headmaster of Winchester College since 1946. He was previously Assistant Master Winchester College, 1931-38, being released for fifteen months of that period for membership of the Pilgrim Trust Unemployment Enquiry. From 1939 until 1946 he was High Master of St. Paul's School. His publications include "Founded Upon the Seas" (1942) and "The Artists of the Winchester Bible" (1945).



"THAT UTTERLY FIERCE HERALDIC LION AND THE MANY-COLOURED CONVOLUTED BORDER ARE AS FIRM, BOLD AND SUBTLE AS ANYTHING EVER DRAWN AND COLOURED BEFORE OR SINCE": "THE LION OF ST. MARK," FROM THE BOOK OF DURROW. NORTHUMBRIAN, c. 670 A.D.



"MICHAEL FIGHTS AGAINST THE DRAGON": SINGLE ILLUMINATION CUT OUT FROM AN APOCALYPSE c. 1300. THIS WORK IS NORMALLY IN THE STAATLICHE MUSEUM, BERLIN, WHERE IT WAS DESCRIBED AS ENGLISH, HAVING BEEN PREVIOUSLY GENERALLY ATTRIBUTED TO A GERMAN MASTER.

Illustrations Reproduced from the book "The Sequence of English Mediæval Art," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Faber and Faber, Ltd.

\* "The Sequence of English Mediæval Art, Illustrated Chiefly from Illuminated MSS., 650-1450." By Walter Oakeshott. Fifty-six Plates; sixteen in Colour. (Faber and Faber; 35s.)





ADMITTED TO THE STATUS OF A COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY: GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING THE GREAT TOWER AND MAIN ENTRANCE FROM THE HUNTINGDON ROAD, WITH STUDENTS DEPARTING FOR LECTURES IN THE TOWN.

In 1866 Miss Emily Davies and others interested in the higher education of women initiated a scheme for founding by public subscription a college for women. In October, 1869, the College was opened at Benslow House, Hitchin, under the name of the College for Women. In 1872 the present site was purchased at Cambridge, and the College was renamed Girton College: the removal to the new buildings took

place in 1873. In 1881 students of Girton College were admitted to the Previous and Honours Examinations of the University, and in 1921 to titles of degrees. In 1948 the aim of its chief founder was at last realised, when women were admitted to full membership of the University of Cambridge, and Girton College received the status of a College of the University. Other drawings of Girton appear overleaf.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



# ASPECTS OF LIFE AT GIRTON COLLEGE: IN THE LIBRARY AND THE GARDEN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A PEACEFUL OASIS WHERE THE HARD-WORKED FELLOWS CAN RELAX: ELIZA BAKER COURT, PRESENTED BY MR. OSWALD LEWIS IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER, WHO WAS THE WIFE OF MR. JOHN LEWIS, THE LONDON DRAPER. THE LARGE WINDOW OF THE DINING-HALL OVERLOOKS THE GARDEN.



BURNING THE NEAR-MIDNIGHT OIL AS EXAMINATIONS DRAW NIGH: STUDENTS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY IN THE "NEW BUILDINGS." THE LIBRARY CONTAINS SOME 45,000 VOLUMES AND HAS BEEN GRADUALLY BUILT UP, LARGELY BY MEANS OF GIFTS.

Girton College stands on a site of about 52 acres, two-and-a-half miles from the centre of Cambridge. There are rooms in the main building for about twenty-five Fellows and about 280 students. The main buildings include a chapel, a library, a dining-hall; lecture, reading and reception rooms; two large rooms for meetings, dramatic performances and other entertainments; a small infirmary, in charge of

a resident matron; and an indoor swimming-bath. The grounds include gardens, woodland and pasture; and, for games, two grass playing fields for hockey and lacrosse, a netball court and tennis courts. Lectures and laboratory work take place in University buildings in the centre of the town. There is a public bus service every quarter of an hour from Girton Corner to the centre of the town.

*(Continued opposite.)*



# AT GIRTON: THE RECEPTION ROOM; AND A TYPICAL "BED-SITTER."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



DECORATED WITH EMBROIDERED WALL-HANGINGS WORKED BY LADY CAREW, WHOSE PORTRAIT HANGS OVER THE FIREPLACE: THE RECEPTION ROOM. THE OAK PANELLING AND FURNITURE WERE GIVEN IN 1923 BY ANNIE VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY, IN MEMORY OF LADY CAREW.



A "BED-SITTER" IN "TOP HOP": A TYPICAL STUDENT'S ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE OLD HOSPITAL WING. EACH STUDENT HAS EITHER A "BED-SITTER" OR A SMALL BEDROOM AND SITTING-ROOM. THERE ARE ROOMS IN THE MAIN BUILDING FOR ABOUT 280 STUDENTS.

*Continued.*

but most of the students prefer to cycle. In the old days the Reception Room was the only place in which men were allowed to be received, but nowadays men visitors may be entertained in students' rooms during certain hours each day. The Girton College Council has allocated two recent legacies, amounting to about £1700, to start the Girton Commemoration Fund, and the Queen, as Visitor of

the College, has sent a contribution. The urgent improvements that need to be carried out include the renewal of the boiler system, the substitution of gas or electric fires for coal fires in students' rooms, the provision of more washing facilities, and the enlargement of the portress's lodge, together with improvement of its telephone exchange.





"TO BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE ASSIZE COURTS AT MANCHESTER": GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FROM EMILY DAVIES COURT, SHOWING PART OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDINGS (LEFT).

Miss Emily Davies, the chief founder of Girton College, writing in 1866 about her conception of the proposed College buildings, said that they were "to be as beautiful as the Assize Courts at Manchester and with gardens and grounds and everything that is good for body, soul and spirit." In 1950, in a letter to *The Times*, launching an appeal in support of the Girton Commemoration Fund, Miss M. L. Cartwright, Mistress of

Girton, indicated some of the difficulties under which the College labours to-day. In the case of Girton the building problem is aggravated by the peculiarities of the original structure, and the heavy expense involved in the upkeep of the grounds. In addressing an appeal for £50,000 to former Girton students, and other friends of the College, the Governors explain the present urgent need for

general endowment. Further capital expenditure in connection with the buildings and grounds cannot long be avoided, and the present endowment of the College will not cover the number of research fellowships considered desirable. Captain de Grineau's drawing of Girton College, which appears above, shows the original buildings of the College erected in 1873-74 (left), with the old front door and the

clock given in memory of Mrs. Manning, the first Mistress. The centre building was erected later, and in this part are the old hall, sick rooms and surgery, and, to the right of the tower containing the main circular staircase, is the Stanley Library, and, above it, the Mistress's quarters. The main entrance is in the Great Tower (right). The chapel and library are concealed by the tree (right).

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BAYAN DE GRINEAU.



## CANADA'S NATIONAL WILD LIFE WEEK: A TRIBUTE TO ONE MAN'S EFFORTS.



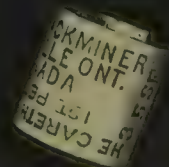
PART OF A WORLD-FAMED 400-ACRE BIRD SANCTUARY: THE "WILD GOOSE CAFETERIA," SHOWING SOME OF THE WILD FOWL THAT SETTLE ON THE PONDS TO REST AND FEED DURING THEIR LONG FLIGHTS.

LAST week, April 9 to April 15, was observed throughout Canada as National Wild Life Week. In accordance with an Act passed by the Canadian Government in 1947, one week in the year is set aside as an occasion for focusing public attention on the importance of preserving the country's wild-life resources and to further the

general policy which the federal and provincial Governments pursue in conservation measures and research. Under the Act, the week chosen is the one which includes April 10, the birthday of the late Mr. Jack Miner, the renowned Canadian conservationist. Mr. Jack Miner, who died in 1944 at the age of seventy-nine, was a most

remarkable man who has been described as the "greatest conservator of wild life on the American continent." Jack Miner was one of ten children, both his parents came from Leicestershire, and he spent his boyhood in what was then still the practically virgin forest of Southern Canada. In 1904, when Mr. Miner was manufacturing brick and drain tiles with a small plant outside Kingsville, Ontario, on a few acres of land that provided good clay for his products, he began luring wild geese into his backyard. He then excavated a sizeable area, pumped it full of water to form the first of his ponds, and set out decoys and food. In 1909 he began banding or "ringing" wild fowl when, curious to know where a black mallard duck that he had caught and named *Katie* would spend the winter, he put an aluminium band, bearing his name and address, on one of its legs and freed it. In the following January he received a letter from Dr. W. E. Bray, of Anderson, North Carolina—hundreds of miles away in the American "south"—stating that he had lately shot *Katie*. By 1915 Mr. Miner had ringed several hundred wild ducks

HAVE FAITH IN GOD  
MARK 11:22  
CANADA  
KINGSVILLE ONT.  
WRITE JACK MINER



BEARING JACK MINER'S ADDRESS AND A BIBLE VERSE: ONE OF THE BANDS WITH WHICH THE BIRDS AT THE SANCTUARY ARE RINGED. THE WORK IS BEING CARRIED ON BY HIS SONS.



LIBERATING A RINGED CANADA GOOSE AFTER RINGING: THE LATE MR. JACK MINER WORKING IN HIS KINGSVILLE, ONTARIO, BIRD SANCTUARY. BY 1944, WHEN HE DIED, JACK MINER HAD RINGED MORE THAN 31,500 OF THESE GESE.



CHOOSING VERSES FROM THE BIBLE TO PUT ON THE BANDS OF BIRDS: MRS. MINER WITH HER HUSBAND, THE LATE JACK MINER, WHO DIED ON NOVEMBER 3, 1944, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-NINE.

[Continued.]

and learned from reports exactly where these wild fowl spent the summer and winter. Then he began to concentrate on catching and banding Canada geese—large and exceptionally wily birds—and by 1944, the year of his death, he had marked more than 31,500 of them. In addition, he had ringed more than 50,000 wild ducks and many thousands of other birds. Not long after Jack Miner had started ringing wild birds he decided to add to his name and address on the bands, and the letter "S" or "F," indicating in what season of the year, Spring or Fall, the birds were marked, a verse from the Bible. A new verse was chosen for each

[Continued below.]



FEEDING THE WILD FOWL: MRS. JACK MINER, WHO IS NOW NINETY YEARS OLD, IS STILL CARRYING ON HER LATE HUSBAND'S WORK.

[Continued.]

batch of geese or ducks ringed and the date recorded. Some of the wild ducks ringed at Kingsville fly south across the United States and the Caribbean Sea to Colombia and Venezuela. The ringed wild geese, on their spring migration, fly right up into northernmost Canada, to Hudson Bay and Baffin Land and the Arctic Circle, where many of them are shot by Esquimaux and by Indians, for food. The first Esquimaux to shoot the geese were frightened on discovering the rings, imagining

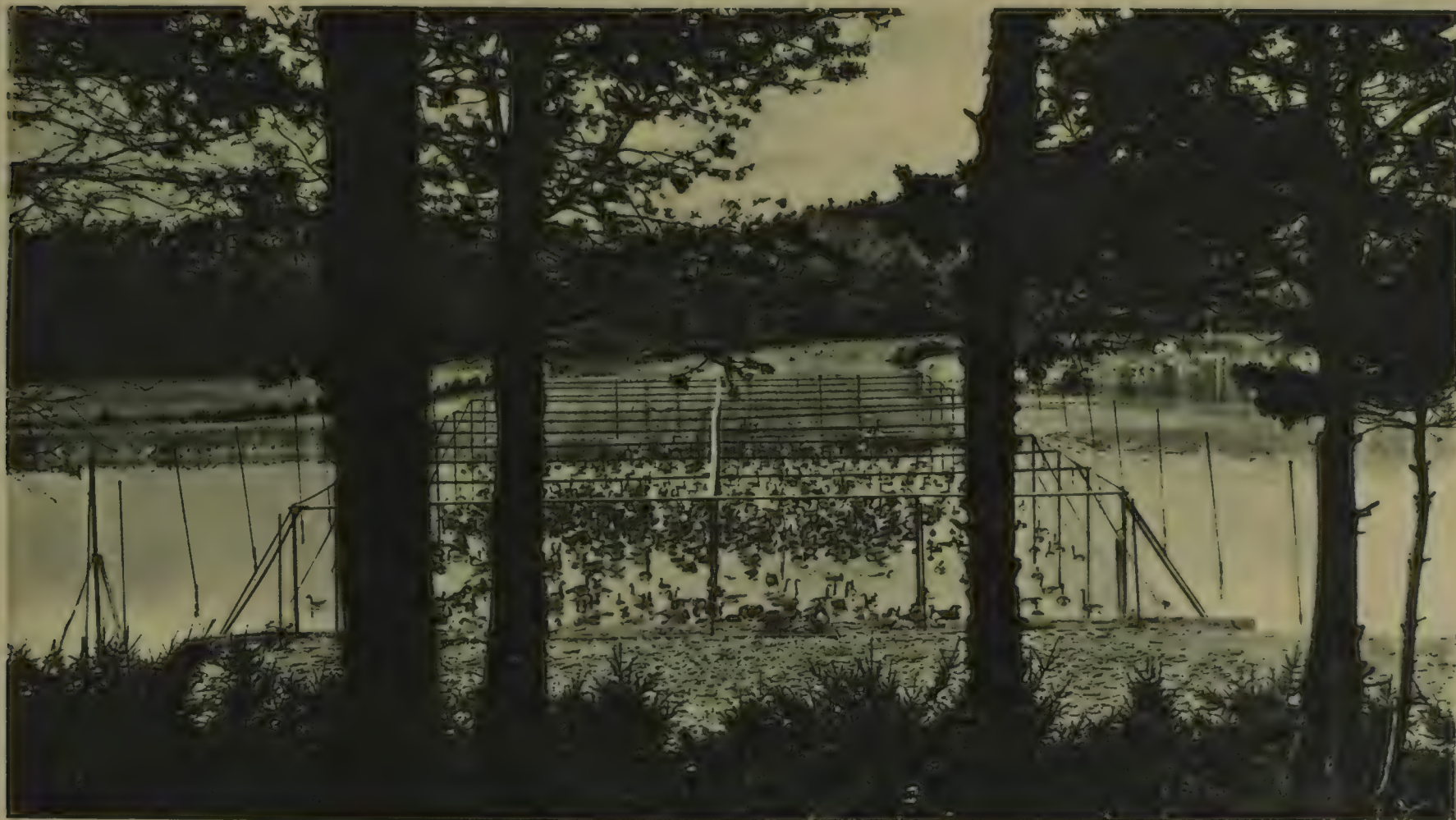


TO FEED THE MIGRATING WILD GESE: SOME OF THE CORN-COBS THAT ARE SPREAD NIGHTLY OVER TWO ACRES BY MR. JACK MINER'S SONS.

them to be evil. But the missionary, to whom they took the ringed birds, reassured them, telling them that, on the contrary, the words stamped on the rings were God's words. After the Esquimaux and Indians learnt this there was great excitement when ringed birds were found, and they ran to the missionary asking, "What does God say this time?" Several years before Jack Miner died he turned his bird sanctuary—which comprises a community park, a children's playground and other features—into a Foundation. This is still administered by his three sons, who are helped by Jack Miner's widow, who is now ninety years old. In 1929 Jack Miner received from the United States a great civilian honour—the award of its Outdoor Gold Medal. In 1943 he was awarded the O.B.E. To-day Jack Miner's work of ringing wild birds is still being carried on, and his memory is honoured every year by Canada's observance of National Wild Life Week.



## A CANADIAN REFUGE FOR WILD FOWL: THE JACK MINER BIRD SANCTUARY.



INVENTED BY JACK MINER AND BUILT AT HIS OWN EXPENSE: THE WILD-GOOSE TRAP AT KINGSVILLE, WHICH IS STILL USED BY HIS SONS.



IN THE MOST SOUTHERLY TOWN IN CANADA: THE JACK MINER BIRD SANCTUARY, SHOWING A CORNER OF ONE OF THE PONDS AND SOME OF THE WILD FOWL THAT VISIT IT.

One of the most famous bird sanctuaries in the world is at Kingsville, Ontario, Canada, where every year thousands of wild fowl rest and feed during their migratory flights. Photographs of the bird sanctuary appear on this and the opposite page, together with a short description of the late Jack Miner's work as a pioneer of ringing birds on the American continent. The Canada geese that are ringed are caught in a great wire cage (see top photograph) which extends through the centre of the main ponds in the sanctuary. The sides of the cage are open. Jack Miner

invented and built this goose trap and rebuilt it more than twenty times before he was completely satisfied with it. To-day Jack Miner's youngest son hides, as his father used to do, in a look-out station a few rods from the edge of the pond. When enough geese have swum inside the cage he pulls a lever which lets down the sides; then, wading in, he drives the birds, a few at a time, into a small corral where he puts rings on their legs before releasing them. He hopes, in the years to come, to ring even more birds than his father did.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



**ALTHOUGH** *Primula julia* was first discovered, in the Caucasus, in 1901, it was not until some twenty years later that it found its way into English gardens. Even then,

oddly enough, it arrived here by virtue of its leaves rather than its brilliant flowers.

I was told the interesting story of its coming by the late W. M. Baker, who was then Curator of the Oxford Botanic Garden. He received an exchange list of seeds from the Tiflis Botanic Garden, one item in which aroused his interest—*Primula julia*. The name was new to him, and judging by the purely botanical description, probably in Latin, *julia*, but for one point, might have been just another primrose, *Primula acaulis*, with purplish flowers, and to a botanist mere colour is of little account. The leaves, however, were described as heart-shaped, and primrose leaves are certainly not that. On the strength of those cordate leaves, Baker wrote for seeds and so obtained what has since proved one of the most brilliant and widely grown of all garden primulas. But how many gardeners could tell you that its leaves are cordate, and how many would care?

I well remember the stir that *Primula julia* made when it was first shown. It was in the early 'twenties. Few nurserymen could muster anything bigger than scraps to exhibit, yet even so folk fell for it. This was in a way surprising, for the colour of *julia* comes into a zone which is not usually very popular—the dangerous territory popularly known as magenta, and officially called Doge purple in the

### PRIMULA JULIAE.

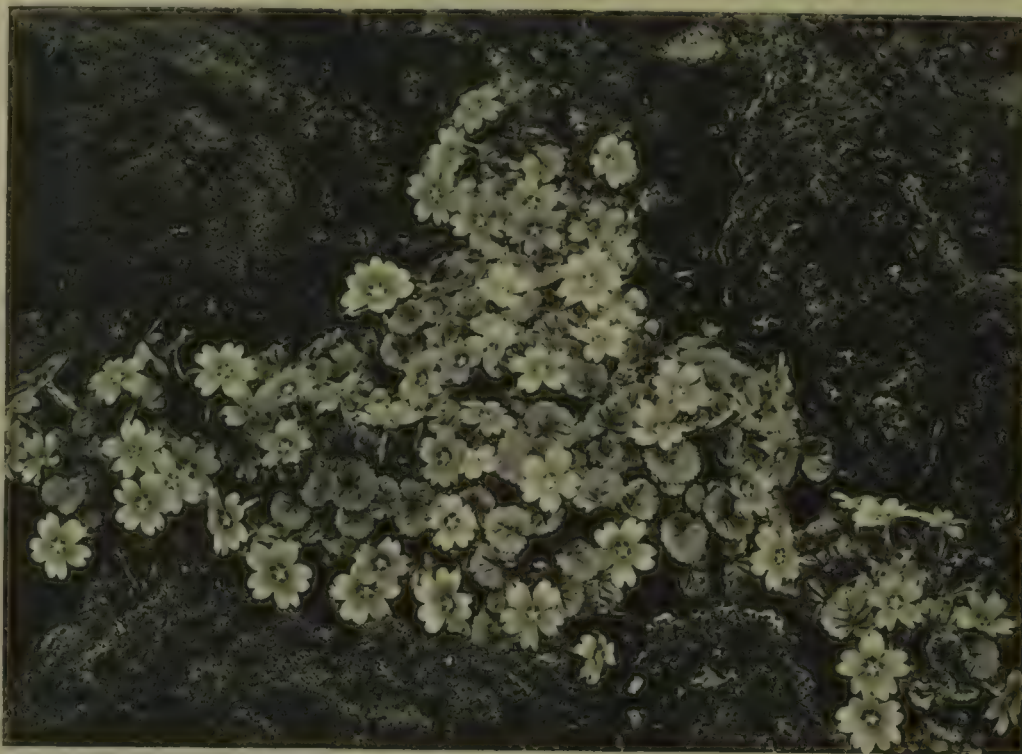
By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

*P. julia* x *acaulis* crosses should bear that name; thus, *P. x juliana* "Gloria," or *P. x juliana* "Wanda." "Gloria" is a very striking plant whose rather large Doge purple flowers have a ring of orange surrounding the central golden eye. But without any shadow of doubt whatever "Wanda" is the outstandingly popular *juliana* up to date. Her flowers are slightly larger than pure *julia*, but smaller than "Gloria," and well in the Doge tradition. In fact, in the Horticultural Colour Chart against "Doge purple 732," "Wanda" receives marginal quotation. "Wanda" grows like

standard on which I insist. I have two promising deep-violet seedlings, but they still have to prove their capacity for rapid creeping. And there is a striking one with flowers of an almost black velvet violet. But its stems are too long. A year or two ago a friend gave me a white-flowered *juliana*, white with a flush of pink, and petals which are slightly fringed and crimped. It has great promise, and may yet be launched as "Apple Blossom."

The *P. x juliana* of my dreams and hopes has been a "Wanda" with flowers of a really attractive clear lavender blue, as near true blue as any primula is ever likely to be. Hitherto that dream has eluded me, though in 1935, I think it was, I acquired, but did not raise, a *juliana* which was as near my ideal as makes no odds. I was then still busy with my nursery at Stevenage, and one spring morning came a letter from a keen amateur gardener in Kent, saying that a blue seedling had cropped up near "Wanda" in his rock-garden. After one or two letters back and forth Frank Barker and I visited the Kentish garden—a very charming one it was—to discover that *Primula x juliana* "Blue Horizon" was all and more than we had dared to hope. Each of the several plants was completely hidden by a smother of blossom, of a clear, luminous lavender blue. I might, I suppose, have been irked at the irony of finding the plant, which for so long I had been trying to raise myself, cropping up as a waif, a stray, a self-sown volunteer.

The blow was softened by the fact that I acquired the stock of "Blue Horizon." We grew it at Stevenage until I retired to the Cotswolds, leaving "Blue Horizon"—all but one—at the Six Hills, and, undeterred by irony, I continue to raise *juliana* hybrids. It's a fascinating gamble.



THE PARENT OF A RACE OF DWARF PRIMROSES, WHOSE METEORIC RISE TO POPULARITY IN THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HAS BEEN THE MEASURE OF THEIR ROBUST BEAUTY: *Primula julia*, FROM WHICH DESCEND THE JULIANA HYBRIDS "WANDA," "GLORIA," "E. R. JAMES," THE NEW "BLUE HORIZON" AND THE REST. NOTE THE HEART-SHAPED LEAVES.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"ALL AND MORE THAN WE HAD DARED TO HOPE": "BLUE HORIZON," A JULIANA HYBRID WITH FLOWERS OF "CLEAR LUMINOUS LAVENDER BLUE," WHICH CROPPED UP OF ITS OWN ACCORD NEAR A BED OF "WANDA" IN A KENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Six Hills Nursery, Ltd.

Horticultural Colour Chart. Maybe it was the sheer, barbaric, uncompromising virulence of *julia*'s Doge purple that knocked all magenta nonsense out of its admirers. *Primula julia*, having surmounted the colour bar, found the rest easy. Although reputed to be a moisture-loving plant in nature, it will grow and flourish and flower like mad in almost any reasonable soil. Starting very early in spring, it works up to a crescendo in April, and for the rest of the year is seldom without a flower or two, even in mid-winter. At its best it is just a solid rug of smashing colour. It is in effect like a very dwarf primrose, never rising above about an inch in height, and instead of remaining a concise clump like its British cousin, it creeps into wider and wider patches. But why go on when every gardener knows and grows *julia*?

It was not long before this good-natured species began to contract alliances with Cousin Primrose, especially the many-coloured forms. I forget what the first *julia*-primrose cross to be exhibited was like, but it was named *Primula x juliana*, and all subsequent

variety of ten or fifteen years ago, with flowers of a pleasing violet colour. But "Bunty," alas, had no will to spread, and with me, at any rate, little will to grow at all. She may still exist, and most probably does, but it is some years since I saw a specimen. Then there was, and still is, the variety "E. R. James," with flowers of a curious light pink which would be hard to describe. I have heard it called salmon, and maybe tinned salmon—with a dash of strawberry jam—would come near the mark. Anyway, it has many admirers. There is no end to the *juliana* hybrids that have been raised, and named, and published, but few have the one quality which, in my opinion, is most important: the habit which is so characteristic of *julia* itself, and of "Wanda"—of spreading rapidly into a wide, dense rug of colour.

I must have raised many hundreds of such hybrids, many of which have been, and still are, attractive, but not one of which reaches the

mad, and flowers like the mad thing that she is, and increases at a most encouraging rate. One sees her everywhere, on rock-gardens and in borders, at the shows, in cottage gardens, on street barrows and in florists' windows; even in the most unpromising slum yards and patches—the most gallant bit of cheerfulness that ever was.

*P. x juliana* "Bunty" was a most promising



"WITHOUT ANY SHADOW OF DOUBT WHATEVER . . . THE OUTSTANDINGLY POPULAR JULIANA TO DATE": "WANDA," WHICH GROWS ALMOST ANYWHERE AND OPENS ITS "DOGE PURPLE" FLOWERS AT ALMOST ANY SEASON OF THE YEAR, BUT PRESENTS A SOLID CARPET IN APRIL.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.



## SOCIAL, SPORTING AND ARTISTIC: A REVIEW OF EVENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS.



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK TO PRINCIPE GAETANO PARENTE: A FAMILY GROUP AT WELBECK ABBEY AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, to Principe Gaetano Parente, eldest son of the late Marchese Enrico Parente and of Marchesa Maria Parente Imperiali, took place on April 12 in the private chapel of Welbeck Abbey. Our group shows (l. to r.), Marchese Imperiali di Francavilla (best man), the bridegroom, the bride, the Duke of Portland, the Duchess of Portland and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SUCCESS AT HURST PARK: ASTRAKHAN (TURKHAN—ASTRA) WINNING THE MERRY MAIDENS STAKES ON APRIL 15 FROM THE FAVOURITE, QUARTERDECK.

Princess Elizabeth's three-year-old chestnut filly *Astrakhan*, ridden by T. F. Burns, won the Merry Maidens Stakes at Hurst Park on April 15 by three-quarters of a length from the favourite, *Quarterdeck* (G. Richards up), starting at 6 to 1. *Astrakhan* ran second at Windsor on March 29 to *Letter-Box*. It will be remembered that she was a wedding gift to the Princess from the Aga Khan.



(LEFT.) WITH THE BIRD MODEL FOR WHICH HE WAS AWARDED FIRST PRIZE IN THE SCHOOLS ART EXHIBITION, SELFREDGES; AND HIS SELF-PORTRAIT: ANTHONY M. WOOLLARD, AGED SEVENTEEN.

Seventeen-year-old Anthony Malcolm Woollard, of Claysmore School, Blandford, won first prize in the sculpture and model section, the Schools Art Exhibition, at Selfridges, for boys and girls, of preparatory, convent and public schools. The exhibits (over 300 in number), which are of a very high standard, were selected from 600 submitted, by the judges Mr. T. C. Dugdale, R.A., Mr. Charles Cundall, R.A., and Mr. Barney Seale, F.R.B.A. The exhibition, which opened on April 12, closes to-day, April 22.



POSSIBLY VENETIA DIGBY (1600-1635): A MINIATURE BY PETER OLIVER (c. 1594-1647) ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. The Victoria and Albert Museum recently purchased from the funds of the Captain H. B. Murray bequest, and placed on view, a miniature (1.7 by 2.1 ins., within frame) of a young girl, by Peter Oliver. Other miniatures of the sitter, by Peter and by Isaac Oliver, exist, and she had previously been identified as Arabella Stuart, but her age makes this impossible. She may be Venetia, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, that "most beautiful, desirable Creature" (to quote John Aubrey), who married Sir Kenelm Digby in 1625.



DEMONSTRATING HIS "BIRD MAN" KIT WITH WHICH HE HOPES TO MAKE A LEAP OF 22,000 FT. FROM AN AIRCRAFT: SERGEANT-MAJOR LEO VALENTIN. Sergeant-Major Leo Valentin, French Air Force, displayed his "bird man kit" (with which he claims to have made successful jumps from considerable heights), at Villacoublay Airfield, on April 15. It consists of white canvas wings reinforced on borders and seams. He carries two standard parachutes and wears thick-soled parachute boots. He hopes to attempt a leap from 22,000 ft. above ground later this year.



UNVEILING A MEMORIAL PLAQUE IN HONOUR OF SIMON, AMETHYST'S FAMOUS CAT: LIEUTENANT G. WESTON, R.N. (LEFT), WITH THE DONOR, MRS. ELIZABETH MUNTZ, AT PLYMOUTH.

Recently a plaque in Purbeck stone commemorating *Simon*, *Amethyst's* famous cat, was unveiled at Plymouth by Lieutenant G. Weston, R.N., who commanded the ship for a short period in the Yangtze after her commanding officer had been mortally wounded. *Simon* died in quarantine last November, a fortnight after *Amethyst* had returned from the Far East. *Simon* was awarded the Dickin Medal, known as the "animals' V.C.," for his conduct under fire and was wounded in the action. The plaque has been presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Muntz.



## PRINCELY CELEBRATIONS IN MONACO.



IN HONOUR OF THE ENTHRONEMENT OF PRINCE RAINIER III. OF MONACO: THE MILITARY REVIEW OUTSIDE THE PALACE ON MONDAY, APRIL 10, WITH WHICH THE WEEK OF CELEBRATIONS OPENED.



DURING THE SERVICE HELD IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MONACO ON APRIL 11: PRINCESS ANTOINETTE, PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. (MOTHER OF PRINCE RAINIER), PRINCE RAINIER, PRINCE PIERRE AND PRINCESS GHISLAINE (L. TO R.).



SURROUNDED BY A GROUP OF MONÉGASQUE GIRLS: PRINCE RAINIER III. OF MONACO, WHOSE ENTHRONEMENT IN NOVEMBER, 1949, WAS CELEBRATED FROM APRIL 10 TO 15, 1950.

Although Prince Rainier III. of Monaco, son of Princess Charlotte, Duchess of Valentinois, was enthroned in November last, no celebrations took place at the time, as Monaco was still in mourning for its late ruler, Prince Louis II., grandfather of Prince Rainier. They were, however, held from April 10 to 15, beginning with a military review in which Carabiniers of Monaco took part, as well as British, French and U.S. naval detachments and Monte Carlo's police. During a ceremony in the Palace Square, the Carabiniers changed the Colour of Prince Louis to that of Prince Rainier. In the afternoon Prince Rainier entertained his subjects at a garden party. All the 2,200 electors of Monaco were invited, and the company was sumptuously entertained. A service in the Cathedral, a gala performance at the Salle Garnier, and firework displays were other events of the week, and throughout the six days Monte Carlo was brilliantly floodlit.

## A STATELY WEDDING IN SPAIN.

The marriage of Señorita Carmen Franco, daughter of General Franco, to the Marques de Villaverde, son of the Conde and Condesa de Argillo, was solemnised with regal pomp on Monday, April 10. The bride's dress of white faille had a 12-ft.-long train, and she wore a pearl-and-diamond tiara, the gift of her father, and other fine jewels. The bridegroom, who is a lung specialist, was in the robes of a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, of which he was recently made a member. The ceremony in the Church of El Pardo was conducted by the Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and was witnessed by a large number of distinguished guests. At the wedding breakfast at the Palace of El Pardo, General Franco presided at one table of honour and the Papal Nuncio at the other. Later, a cocktail-party and dancing for one thousand guests took place in the Palace grounds, and the villagers were also lavishly entertained.



LEADING HIS DAUGHTER, SEÑORITA CARMEN FRANCO, PAST THE DOUBLE FILE OF MOORISH LANCERS: GENERAL FRANCO, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE SPANISH ARMY.



THE MARRIAGE OF SEÑORITA CARMEN FRANCO AND THE MARQUES DE VILLAVERDE: THE CEREMONY AT THE CHURCH OF EL PARDO, NEAR MADRID. GENERAL FRANCO IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT.



AT THE RECEPTION IN THÉ PALACE OF EL PARDO: GENERAL FRANCO, THE BRIDE, THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE ROBES OF A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, AND CONDESA DE ARGILLO.



# NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS: A PICTORIAL COMMENTARY ON RECENT EVENTS.



THE WORST BRAZILIAN RAILWAY ACCIDENT: A VIEW AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON THE CACIRIBU RIVER; SHOWING WRECKED COACHES ON THE RIGHT OF THE BRIDGE.

On April 6 a train, crowded with excursionists, was wrecked while crossing a bridge over the Caciribu River, 50 miles from Rio de Janeiro, and five passenger coaches fell into the river, which was in spate after three days of heavy rain. It was reported that some 100 persons were killed or drowned and over 300 injured.



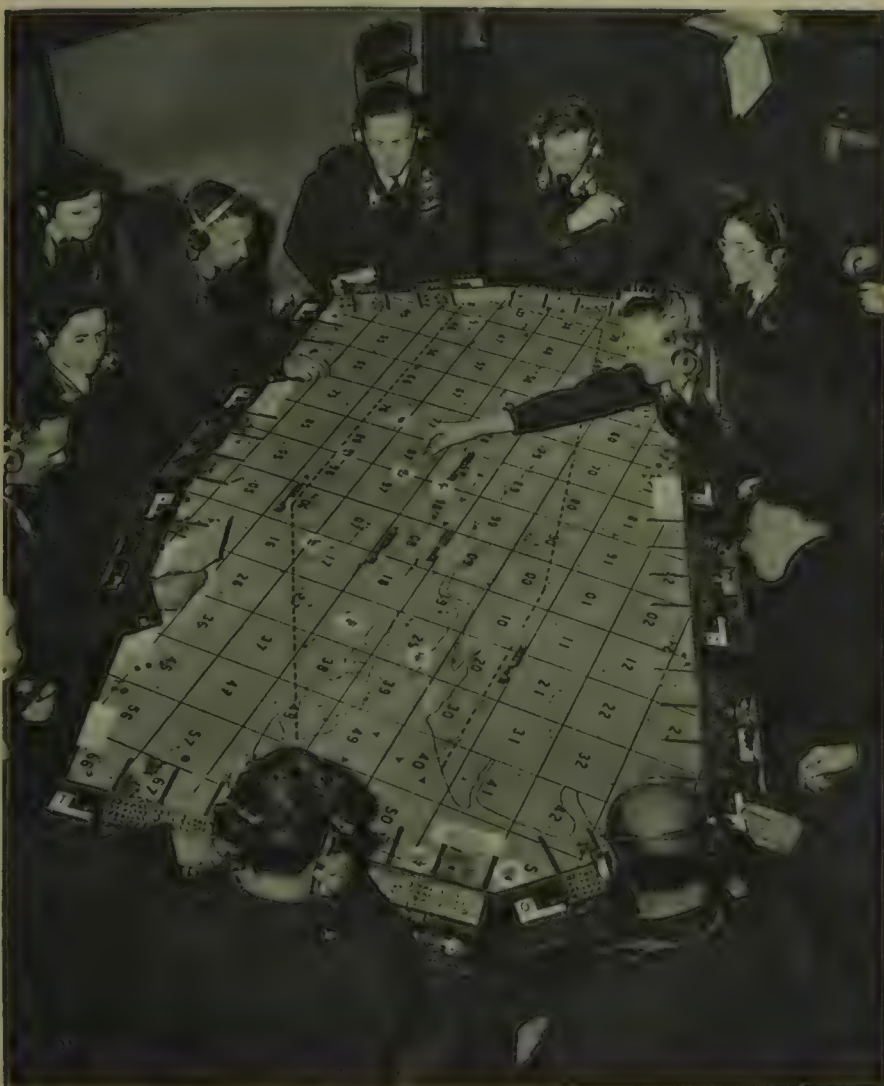
COMMEMORATING THE CHAMPIONS OF THE 1948 OLYMPIC GAMES: LORD BURGHLEY UNVEILING TABLETS BEARING THEIR NAMES AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO WEMBLEY STADIUM.

On April 14 Lord Burghley, chairman of the committee which organised the XIV. Olympiad, unveiled two tablets bearing the names of champions in the 1948 Olympic Games at the main entrance to Wembley Stadium. The ceremony was witnessed by an audience which included civic dignitaries and some of the athletes who competed in the Games.



CARRYING THE COFFIN OF MARSHAL CHAKMAK FROM THE BEYAZID MOSQUE: TURKISH STUDENTS HONOUR THEIR DEAD HERO AFTER BREAKING UP THE OFFICIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

On April 12 Turkish students, who had protested that the late Marshal Chakmak was not being sufficiently honoured by the Government, broke up the official arrangements for his funeral and carried the coffin shoulder-high through a crowd of 300,000 people from the Beyazid Mosque to the cemetery. The Government had refused to proclaim a period of national mourning. A photograph of Marshal Chakmak, with a note on his career, appears on page 616 in this issue.



THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS: MEMBERS OF THE CORPS IN THE PLOTTING-ROOM OF THE R.O.C. HEADQUARTERS IN BECKENHAM, KENT.

April 15 marked the beginning of Royal Observer Corps Week, when some 15,000 men and women observers all over the British Isles celebrated the founding of the Corps twenty-five years ago. In the south the week began with a silver-jubilee air exercise covering the same area as the first one held twenty-five years ago, when the entire raid-reporting system comprised only four posts and a centre at Cranbrook, Kent. H.M. the King recently became Air Commodore-in-Chief of the Corps.



BASED ON THE EARLIEST REALISTIC HUMAN PORTRAIT YET DISCOVERED: A TENTATIVE MODEL OF MAGDALENIAN MAN MADE BY MISS MAITLAND HOWARD.

As a supplement to our issue of July 16 last year we gave a reproduction from a natural-colour photograph of a 12,000-year-old sculpture found by Professor Dorothy Garrod and Mlle. Suzanne de Saint-Mathurin at Angles-sur-l'Anglin, which represents the earliest realistic human portrait yet discovered. At a recent conference at the Institute of Archaeology a bust 6 ins. high of this Stone Age hunter was exhibited. This bust was modelled by Miss Maitland Howard.



# The World of the Theatre.

## PERSONS AND PUPPETS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE is, in "Measure for Measure," a dissolute prisoner called Barnardine. We see him for three minutes in one of the scenes in the Vienna prison; he has only seven speeches, but Shakespeare quickens him to life in every phrase. Barnardine has been nine years a prisoner, and, so we are told, "apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep." When he is ordered to "rise and be hanged," he is magnificently independent. He has been drinking all night, he says; he is not fitted for death. He does not plead; he merely states the facts with an air of fine dogmatism. Die? Ridiculous! "I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion." And back he gets to his straw. Paul Hardwick now presents him at Stratford-upon-Avon with the right kind of muzzy loftiness. We are glad that he is spared at the last.

During the last weeks I have thought often of Barnardine and his handful of speeches. I thought of him especially while Charles Goldner was playing the loquacious puppet-master in Louis Ducreux's "The Man with the Umbrella." There is, I suppose, a slight link here with "Measure for Measure," for, as a distinguished colleague has pointed out, the piece is, in effect, an elaborate game: throughout the evening the man with the umbrella, like Shakespeare's disguised Duke, "enacts scenes of his own arranging." But I was concerned merely with the fact that, while Shakespeare strikes a part into life with a word or two, the man in the Ducreux play never stops talking but never comes alive. He remains as much of a puppet as the figures he invents. And, unfortunately, we fear it from the start: we have no confidence in him, and it is not the fault of Charles Goldner, who does his ingratiating best to transform the text, to warm the fellow into humanity.

Still, it is that sort of piece. Forever it is straining anxiously after something different. The author pulls aces from his sleeve with a flourish; but, for all his tricks, he never makes his contract. His man with the

Certainly I enjoyed, more than either of these plays, "East Lynne," done recently at the Bedford, and to be followed—a coincidence—by "Trilby." The behaviour of the Bedford audience was extremely interesting. On the first



"THE BEST NEW PLAY OF 1950": "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY"—A SCENE FROM WYNWARD BROWNE'S STORY OF A VICAR AND HIS FAMILY, SHOWING JENNY (JANE BAXTER) HANGING UP THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS WATCHED BY DAVID (ANDREW CRAWFORD).

night a group had come to mock. Obviously—it seemed to say—there could be nothing funnier than a revival of the old melodrama with its presumably comic line, "Dead—and never called me mother." During the early scenes the group duly guffawed whenever it saw a glimmer; but it began to find, to its embarrassment, that not all of the company, and by no means all of the house, supported it. True, it had chances enough when Bruno Barnabe was

playing Sir Francis Levison, for Mr. Barnabe—abetted by his producer—had decided that the tuppence-coloured Levison could be projected only as a baronet in the Gilbertian sense ("all Baronets are bad"). On the other side, Rosemary Scott, the Lady Isabel, saw nothing innately funny in her part;



"IN ITS QUIET FASHION ONE OF THE BEST DOMESTIC PLAYS FOR YEARS": "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY"—SHOWING THE VICAR, THE REV. MARTIN GREGORY (HERBERT LOMAS), WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, JENNY (JANE BAXTER) AND MARGARET (DAPHNE ARTHUR) AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, IN THE NORFOLK VICARAGE WHERE THE SCENE IS SET.

umbrella seems to be a blend of Professor Higgins and Svengali. He claims power over a girl—a sad little French typist—for one year, vowing to make her wealthy and free and happy. Whimsy switches to melodrama. Inevitably, the puppet-master becomes involved with his principal puppet. We leave the theatre reflecting with some grief that playing with dolls is not the fun it used to be. The cast does as well as it can in the circumstances. Mr. Goldner tries to reconcile us to the omniscient man with the umbrella and his conducted-tour patter, and Sheila Burrell is too alert an actress not to make something of the new Trilby-Eliza. But the whole affair is unreal. On the whole, I preferred to the dolls the gyrating puppet-insects of "The Platinum Set" (Saville). This exposure of a section of wealthy American society near New York was melodramatic and absurd, but it had no suggestion of a confidence trick. The piece was banged at us for all it was worth; but at any rate, the authors played fair with us. They did not sabotage their piece at the start by telling us that the puppets were puppets and that therefore, if we objected to that sort of thing, the evening must be a loss. (Since I wrote, the piece has been withdrawn.)



A PLAY IN WHICH THE AUTHOR "ACHIEVES IN HIS DIALOGUE A PERFECT NATURALNESS THAT YET MANAGES TO BE OF THE THEATRE": "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, FROM WHERE IT IS HOPED IT WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST END. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) AUNT BRIDGET (MAUREEN DELANY), MARGARET (DAPHNE ARTHUR) AND AUNT LYDIA (MARGARET HALSTAN).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MAN WITH THE UMBRELLA" (Duchess).—A prolonged feat of indifferent conjuring that leaves some of us wondering why the conjurer should have bothered about it. Charles Goldner and Sheila Burrell work loyally on behalf of this tricky piece, which is translated by Roma June from the French of Louis Ducreux.

"THE PLATINUM SET" (Saville).—The scene of this theatrical exposure of a group of wealthy Americans varied between the Tower Room, the Black Museum, the Inner Sanctum, the Penthouse, the Cozy Room, and the Studio. As the stage and the play revolved, one could only observe sadly, "Change and decay in all around I see." Reginald Denham and Mary Orr constructed the piece ably enough, and there was much good acting by assorted puppets.

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Wynyard Browne's story of a vicar and his family is the best new play of 1950. The author, his producer (Frith Banbury), and his cast, with Herbert Lomas (father) and Jane Baxter and Daphne Arthur (daughters), combine to do fine service to the theatre.

"HENRY THE EIGHTH" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Tyrone Guthrie's 1949 production, revived, impresses as powerfully as ever. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is the new and intensely moving Katharine. Andrew Cruickshank has not yet found the measure of Wolsey, that "scarlet sin."

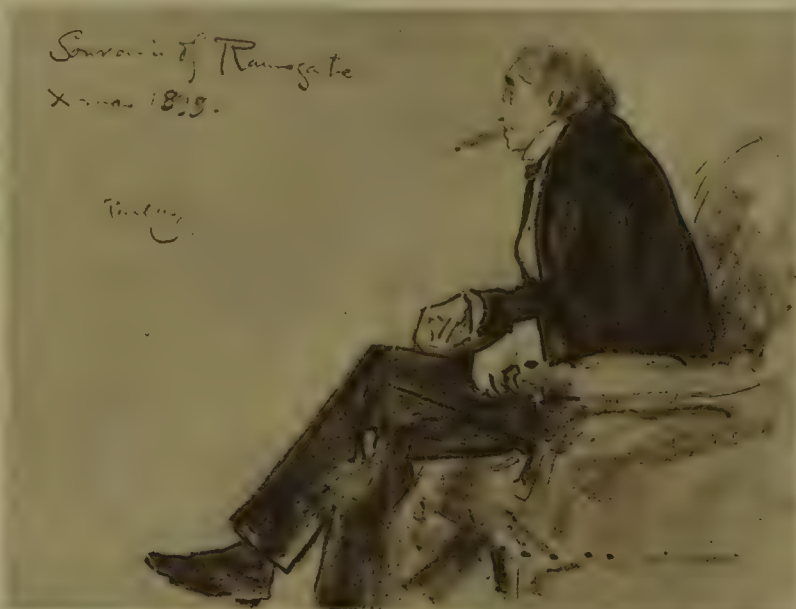
Memorial Theatre, illustrates again Tyrone Guthrie's gift for animating the stage and for allowing no moment in a long pageant-trail to sag. His single fault is that he is still inclined to mistrust Shakespeare (and Fletcher), and, in consequence, to animate his players too much: fortunately he has now omitted the sneeze that used to puncture Cranmer's last sermon. With pleasure, on the other hand, we greet again George Rose as the First Gentleman, with his toothy grin and his joyful little Coronation-viewing leap at "All the rest are Countesses." There, undoubtedly, Guthrie's invention is justified. Without it that talkative puppet-Gentleman could never start to life, as a Barnardine does, unaided.



# THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: NEW ACQUISITIONS NOW ON VIEW.



"SIR HENRY IRVING" (1838-1905), THE ACTOR-MANAGER; BY PHIL MAY (1864-1903), ONE OF THREE DRAWINGS MADE IN 1899.



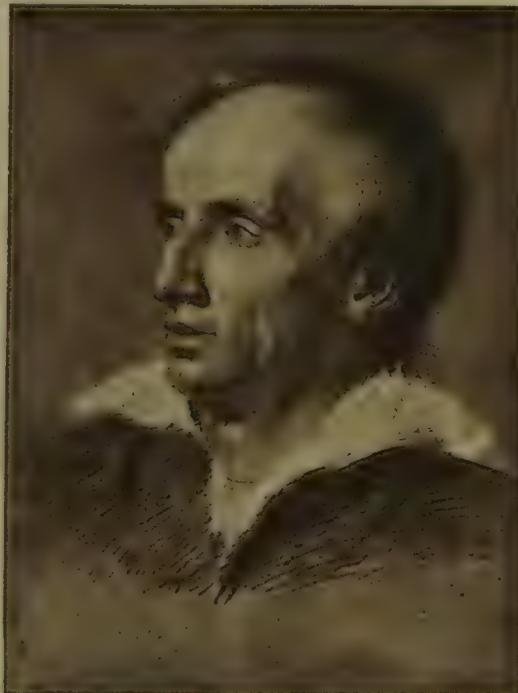
"SIR HENRY IRVING"; BY PHIL MAY. THIS DRAWING, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER TWO REPRODUCED, WAS PRESENTED BY MISS MARGARET SHIELDS.



"SIR HENRY IRVING"; BY PHIL MAY (WILLIAM PHILIP MAY): A CHARACTERISTICALLY BRILLIANT PENCIL SKETCH.



"WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH" (1805-1882), THE NOVELIST; BY DANIEL MACLISE (1811-1870). (Presented by Mrs. L. A. Croker-Fox.)



"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH" (1770-1850), THE POET; BY BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON (1786-1846). (Presented by Mrs. Silvia St. Hill.)



"DUDLEY CARLETON, 1ST VISCOUNT DORCHESTER" (1574-1632); BY M. J. VAN MIERVELDT (1567-1641). (Presented by Mrs. Harry Burton.)



"GEORGE RENNIE" (1791-1866), ENGINEER, SON OF JOHN RENNIE; BY JOHN LINNELL (1792-1882). (Purchased.)



"JOHN LOUDON MCADAM" (1756-1836), ORIGINATOR OF MODERN ROAD-SURFACING. ARTIST UNKNOWN. (Presented by his descendant Mrs. K. L. Scott.)



"JOHN SOMERS, BARON SOMERS" (1651-1716), LORD CHANCELLOR, 1697-1700; A MINIATURE, ARTIST UNKNOWN. (Purchased.)

A number of portraits of British men of note acquired by the National Portrait Gallery between October, 1948, and February, 1950, are now on view in the Gallery, and form a varied group, of documentary and artistic interest. The statesmen depicted include Dudley Carleton, British Ambassador at The Hague, 1615-1628, who purchased many pictures, notably from Rubens, for the Duke of Buckingham and for Charles I.; and Lord Somers, the great Whig Lord Chancellor. The portrait of

John McAdam, road engineer whose name has passed into the English language to describe his road-surface invention, shows him seated, with a gang of men busy on a road below; and, beyond, a prospect of Bristol. A miniature by Linnell depicts George Rennie, engineer, and son of the famous John Rennie. He was interested in the screw propeller and the firm for which he worked built for the Admiralty the first vessel for the British Navy propelled by a screw.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### SCISSORS PLEASE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE illustrations which accompany this note have just slithered from a small packet and have spread themselves out on the table before me like a pack of cards. I find them most entertaining, and I am glad to make the acquaintance of a man, Wilhelm Müller (1804-1865), who was until this moment unknown to me. Müller, I learn, was a Düsseldorf cobbler, and it is fair to say that he was gifted with a neat hand, a sense of humour, a keen eye, and a feeling for nature—the thrush; (Fig. 7) and squirrels on our facing page are sufficient evidence of this latter quality. At first sight I jumped to the conclusion that he was a book-illustrator in the intervals of shoe-mending, and that these were woodcuts in the playful tradition of the German romantic period. I was wrong: they are scissor cuts, silhouettes cut out of black paper. Many German collectors possess examples, but the larger part (about 500 altogether) belong to the State Historical Museum at Düsseldorf. The word "silhouette" is used rather loosely; it can, in its widest sense, mean any outline drawing to which no details are added. To most readers of this page it stands more specifically for those profile portraits in black which were the rage in the last years of the eighteenth century—cheaper than miniatures, and the predecessors of the daguerreotype. The term originated in France, and does not seem to have crossed the Channel till about 1830 or so, and by that time not many people remembered that it was the legacy of Étienne de Silhouette (1709-1767), who would surely have wished to hand down his name to posterity with a very different meaning attached to it. M. de Silhouette was a man of character who, under the patronage of Mme. de Pompadour, became Minister of Finance during one of the many financial crises of the reign of Louis XV. This was in 1759, and he lasted only a few months. His offence? Wielding the axe too drastically. He attempted to accomplish too much too quickly; he tried to institute various sumptuary laws—clothes were to be simpler, for example, and plate was to be melted down. The latter ordinance had been a success under Louis XIV.—it was not possible under the weak



FIG. 1. "UHLMAN RESTING AND TALKING TO A WOMAN WITH TWO CHILDREN." (7/16 by 3/8 ins.)



FIG. 2. "UHLMAN WALKING HIS HORSE PAST A TREE." (5/8 by 9/16 ins.)

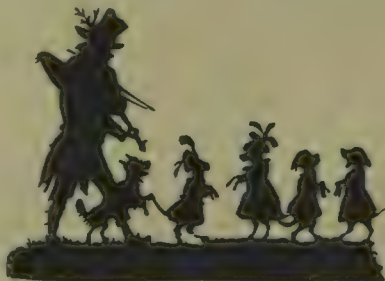


FIG. 3. "A STROLLING MUSICIAN WITH A TROUPE OF PERFORMING DOGS." (1-3/8 by 2 ins.)

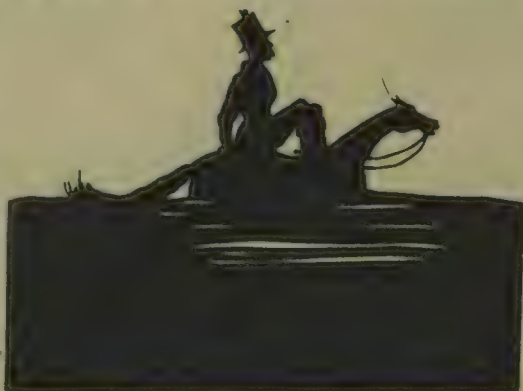


FIG. 4. "DIGNIFIED LACKEY FORDING A STREAM WITH FEET RESTING ON HIS HORSE'S NECK." (1-7/8 by 2-5/8 ins.)



FIG. 5. "A BEARDED JOCKEY SHOWN PERSUADING HIS HORSE TO TAKE A JUMP." (2-1/8 by 3-3/8 ins.)



FIG. 6. "BEARDED DANDY; AND A LADY IN A CRINOLINE OF THE 1860'S." (2-7/8 by 2-1/4 ins.)

animated expressions of the features, much superior to any other method. Time of sitting, one minute. N.B.—He keeps the original shades, and can supply those he has once taken with any number of copies. Those who have shades by them, may have them reduced to any size, and dressed in the present taste."

The method was simple enough. You went to Mr. Miers and sat between a bright light and a sheet of paper: your shadow was traced on this sheet of paper (profile, of course) and then painted in miniature on glass or plaster or ivory. There was considerable scope for individual

administration of Louis XV. The minister fell and retired to his estate, and his name passed into the language, first as signifying any mode which was plain or cheap, and later—as far as I can discover, many years later—to mean what we now call a silhouette, because it is said he amused himself making "shadow profiles" and hanging them on his walls. Perhaps the simplest way to explain these "shadow profiles" (portraits ombres) or "shades" is to quote an advertisement pasted on the back of an English example by the best-known practitioner of his time—J. Miers, of Leeds. Here it is:

"Perfect likenesses in miniature profile, taken by J. Miers, Leeds, and reduced on a plan entirely new, which preserves the most exact Symmetry and

(2) "The Pickwick Papers." The latter suggestion will perhaps horrify the elect but, if it is possible to judge from these illustrations, he would have found himself very much at home at Dingley Dell or at Ipswich or at Eaton-swill, or, indeed, anywhere in Pickwickian company. Mr. Jingle is surely a near relative of the elongated gentleman in Fig. 6; it could well be Mr. Winkle perched on top of the horse in Fig. 4 (no, I am aware that worthy did not ford a stream on horseback in this manner, but that was because he had no opportunity—he would have done it

skill in the treatment of the hair and other details, but the basis of the process was clearly semi-mechanical, and it is reasonable to regard it as the forerunner of photography. Miers' price, by the way, was "from 7/6 to One Guinea, according to the finishing of the Miniatures and Frames." A certain Charles is more accommodating—"takes them on Paper at 3/6 elegantly framed 6/- on Glass and Ivory at 10/6. If not approved at the time of sitting, no pay. Whole lengths taken at One Guinea. There is no necessity for persons to come with their hair dressed." In other words, Charles will see to it that your hair looks just so. Each of the fashionable practitioners has his own style and each has no doubt that he has reached perfection. Spornberg, for example, went to unusual lengths. Instead of painting the figure in black upon white, he

painted upon the inside of a convex glass the outline of the profile, leaving the figure white and the surrounding space black. The features were roughly indicated by black lines, and also the coat or dress, and red applied behind. The result was that the portrait stood out in red in contrast to the surrounding black. Rosenberg, of Bath, painted in black on a flat glass, and then put a second profile in pink on the paper background; presumably the intention was to give a richer tone to the black.

So much then for the English professional, and I have no doubt his Continental brethren followed much the same methods. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the profile portrait had become something of a parlour game, until, in the nature of things, it was killed by the daguerreotype and later by photography as we know it to-day.

Whether M. de Silhouette amused himself with this sort of shadow portraiture or with the more obvious parlour game of cutting out "shades" with scissors I don't know. It is said (though I have not seen the evidence) that people began

to amuse themselves by cutting out scenes with scissors about the middle of the eighteenth century; certainly numerous ingenious and complicated scissor-cuts are in existence, but I doubt whether any can rival those of Wilhelm Müller for delicate and minute cutting and keen observation. He had a very lively mind indeed, and it occurs to me that had the opportunity come his way he would have made admirable scissor-cuts to illustrate (1) Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" and



FIG. 7. "THRUSH PERCHED BY HER NEST." (4-1/4 ins. high.)

like this); and I can identify Mr. Pickwick himself in the centre of one of those reproduced on our facing page.

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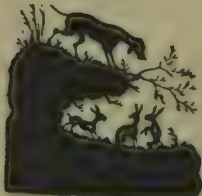
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"THE SERENADE, WITH FOUR SINGERS, DOUBLE BASS AND A CONDUCTOR." (1½ by 2½ ins.)



"DOG STALKING YOUNG RABBITS." (1½ by 1½ ins.)



"HUNTER ABOUT TO AIM AT RABBIT." (1½ by 2½ ins.)



"MOTHER AND BABY WATCHING PERFORMING BEAR, DOGS AND MONKEYS ATTENDED BY KEEPER AND TROMBA PLAYER." (2½ by 3½ ins.)



"DANCER WITH GARLAND." (1½ by 1½ ins.)



"BRAWLERS AND MAN UNDER ARREST." (2½ by 3½ ins.)



"HUNTER ABOUT TO AIM AT DOE." (2½ by 3½ ins.)



"PERFORMING EQUESTRIENNE." (1½ by 1½ ins.)



"A POACHER AND BIRDCATCHER LIGHTING HIS PIPE FROM A TRAMP'S PIPE WHILE HIS BASKET CAGE IS BEING OPENED BY AN ERRAND BOY." (2½ by 3½ ins.)



"TWO SQUIRRELS GNAWING NUTS." (½ by 1½ ins.)



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"HUNTER AND DOG PURSUED BY BOAR." (2½ by 3½ ins.)

MAN AND NATURE IN MINUTE AND LIVELY SCISSOR-CUTS BY A NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTER CRAFTSMAN: SILHOUETTES BY WILHELM MÜLLER, COBBLER OF DÜSSELDORF, AND ARTIST.

On our facing page, Frank Davis discusses the art of the silhouette, or scissor-cut. The illustrations to his article and the silhouettes reproduced on this page are examples of the work of Wilhelm Müller, a Düsseldorf cobbler and master-craftsman (1804-1865) who, for over forty years, practised as a silhouettist in his native city. The greater part of his work—some 500 silhouettes—was acquired by the Städtischen Historischen Sammlungen of Düsseldorf. A correspondent in Germany, who believes that these silhouettes have never before been reproduced in any quantity, writes as follows: "The extremely sharp sense of observation and elfish humour of Müller endow his silhouettes with a quite uncommon measure of an unmistakable expression of individuality. He was one of the last of a long line of silhouettists practising a craft which was one of

the principal means of portraiture in France, later in Germany, in the lean times of 1760 and after. The silhouette reached the apex of its popularity between 1780 and 1820. Such famous persons as the writers Bettina von Arnim, a friend of Goethe, and Hans Christian Andersen, the painters Moritz von Schwind and Adolf Menzel, became adepts as silhouettists. The Lavater works on the influence of character on physiognomy were illustrated with a number of silhouettes. In time the silhouette became a recognised and much sought means of portraying and caricaturing contemporary persons and scenes." The scissor-cuts by Müller are reproduced slightly less than facsimile size. The originals vary between 4 by 4½ ins. to 4/5ths by ½ an inch, and even smaller ones exist.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

AS I am tired of saying, but feel obliged to say, none the less, new novels ought not to be sponsored on any pretext. For instance, there was no real need of Joyce Cary to assure us that "Man in Ebony," by Denys Craig (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is a remarkable book. True, he is pleading for the subject—the religious intuitions of Africa—not merely sponsoring the work of art; but even that seems uncalled for. The time is past when primitive religions were condemned out of hand. Now we are less certain of ourselves, and much more curious about other people; we have a respectful interest in any creed, if it is also a way of life. And when the way is primitive, the fascination increases.

Mr. Craig, indeed, has put all his trust in it, and produced a study rather than a story. The leading figure is a child of French Africa, returning after fifteen years in Paris and Rome to win his native village to the gospel. An attempt was made once before, with N'Ganté's mother as the star convert, but Father Courcellet lost heart. He saw the "bloom of evil" all round him; it was like a mission to the damned. But young Father N'Ganté, a child of Africa, yet reared in light, may do better.

N'Ganté, who was very happy as a child, returns home with yearning joy: with dreams of being absorbed into the old life, the tribal rhythm and assurance. Yet there is a shrinking also, for he knows that can hardly be. Africa is part of him, yet outside and almost terrifying, and he can never really get back.

And so it proves. His twin sister Nya welcomes him with love, and with the cakes he loved as a boy; and her affection warms him, but the cakes turn his stomach. Her next and natural concern is to get him married; even the state of celibacy, let alone the point of it, is beyond her grasp. N'Ganté has more feeling for the Juju pattern—indeed, too much. He begins with nostalgic memories, and an idea of joining in the ritual for old times' sake; then, having shared the worship of his people, he will raise them to higher things. But he is defeated at the start—defeated twice over; the Catholic is shocked and sickened by these goings-on, and yet the negro is overwhelmed by them. Like Father Courcellet, he feels the impact of hellish powers, and he has less resistance than Father Courcellet. It is impossible for him to stay; yet when the King's Village casts him out, he goes away in tears for his long-lost home.

The chief attraction of the book is its strangeness, its friendly vision of the Juju world. Religious conflict there is none; though Father N'Ganté is a Catholic priest, his faith appears so little that it might not exist at all. This seems to me a vital drawback; and the King's Sorceress is too sophisticated by half. Perhaps her thoughts are merely being translated into Western idiom, but the effect is strangely unpalatable. Indeed, though stimulated and amused, one seldom feels right inside.

This taint of the external becomes more obvious in contrast with "There's No Home," by Alexander Baron (Cape; 9s. 6d.). Mr. Baron has no need to revere his subject, and infect it with unreality. He looks about him at his ease; he is right inside, and wholly free from self-consciousness.

This, like his other novel, is a war story. But this is on a smaller scale; it is the story of a brief interlude. After four weeks of deadly toil, Captain Rumbold's men are trudging into Catania. Only half of them are left, and they are still in the battle-trance—exhausted, stupefied, apart. But they are staying; and in a few hours the thaw sets in. It melts the rigid casing of soldiership, and mere humanity begins to stretch out and take the sun. At first, it is enough to stroll around and watch life going on, to sit about in cafés and to spend money. Then gradually, a little more every day, the billet merges with the street. To Captain Rumbold, who has no opinion of dagoes, this is a puzzle and vexation—but he can't stop it. The men want families, and settle in here or there, in place of some Italian who has gone to war. Only a few find women of their own; the rest are adopted sons, content to potter round and play with the children. It is idyllic while it lasts. But then comes a change of air, a premonition of departure—and the sons are soldiers again. And for the men and women who have loved, the end is heartache.

Mr. Baron is the most appealing and the most persuasive of war novelists. His men are real; and he admires them and likes them warmly, just as they are. The love-affair in this book is very good and equally unsentimental, but the soldiers are the best part.

"No Man Pursues," by Hugh Sykes Davies (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), is less a mirror of experience than a mental fabric. Certainly it is about the world, and even the underworld; it has the form of a suspense novel, but the effect is of a tranquil spinning-out of the author's brain.

Its hero is a young deserter, almost a simpleton. Stretcher has no principles and few ideas; but on the other hand, he has no self-love. He lives by feeling—not his own, but what he feels other people feel. Thus he deserted out of pure compassion, and took to crime—though he has never thought of it as crime—because his friend Gunner led the way. Then Gunner vanishes, and leaves him to meander outlaws. It is not in Stretcher to resent exploitation; but he has a quick, unerring sensibility to moral tone. His way of life becomes more distressful, and in Gunner's absence he is forced to see it more plainly. In fact, he sees it won't do. There must be choice, a clear code of right and wrong; to live by instinct is to live childishly. At last the innocent has come of age, but too late; he has identified himself with Gunner, the man of violence, and now a ransom must be paid. It is too deliberate, and not quite real, and Stretcher does become rather tiresome. But it is interesting and distinguished.

"The Fifth Key," by George Harmon Coxe (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), may be rather loosely summed up as a radio murder. At least, it hinges on a show "created" by Sheila Vincent, the impending corpse. The sleuth is Kent Murdock, who arrives to photograph her show, becomes extremely mixed up with her last hours, and thus is driven to detection for safety's sake. Of course, he steadily deceives the police—they always do in America; but Kent has more excuse for it than most suspects. The radio background is revealing, and the whole plot is good and lively.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.  
STALEMATE.

WHEN I beat all my twenty-one opponents in a simultaneous display at Liskeard recently, my top-board opponent was Mr. A. W. Mewton, who is greater at draughts than chess, and, in fact, gives simultaneous displays himself. The natural course to re-establish Cornish *amour-propre* was to challenge Mr. Mewton to a few games of draughts, and I duly bit the dust.

Those games will hardly live in draughts history, but two memories of them persist. The first was of Mr. Mewton's muttering, "Ah, he's played the Bristol Cross!" At that thrilling moment, I suddenly knew how the old lady felt when she learnt that for some seventy years she had been talking prose.

The other was of the termination of the last game, when I suddenly cried out, "You've stalemated me! I can't move. It's a draw!" The pained expressions of the onlookers and their politely contemptuous silence told me, as clearly as words could have done, that stalemate was not a draw in draughts.

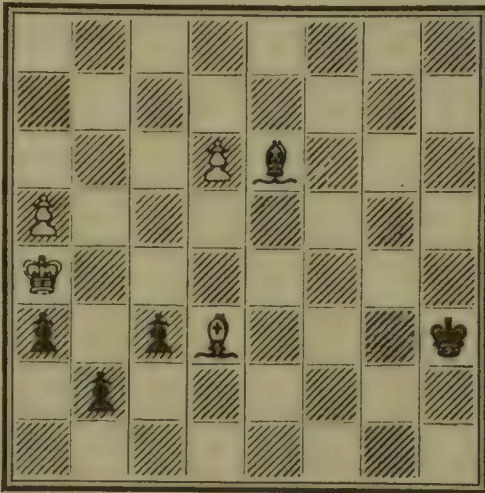
Nor, of course, was it always a draw in chess. The typical stalemate position in which one player has pieces and pawns left but the other has only a few blocked pawns and an immovable king—this position was a victory for the first in tenth-century Arabia, a half-victory in eighteenth-century Spain, whilst for centuries in Britain and for a long time in Russia it counted as a victory for the person stalemated!

In many Eastern countries—e.g., Burma, India, Siam and Japan—stalemate wasn't allowed to occur; if it arose, the last move had to be retracted.

The idea that stalemate should count as a draw is one of the few European contributions to the mechanism of the game. It originated in Italy about 1500 and finally became universal; though there are still sporadic protests, it seems to me the best rule to adopt, and has certainly had a thorough testing.

In the Midland Championships, which are still proceeding as I write, one of my opponents made exceptionally attractive use of stalemate.

WHITE (F. BURTON).



BLACK (B. H. WOOD).

In the diagrammed position, if White's king can penetrate to his Kt6, my pawns are lost. But how can he get there? If he tries to fight his way there by B-Kt6, I mate him prettily by... B-K7. There seems comfortable time to bring up my king, remote as it is, to the protection of my pawns, which would then advance and win. But my opponent had other ideas:

1. P-K4! B×P

No need to think a moment about this. If I don't capture, there comes 2. K-Kt6 at once.

2. B-B5!

and I must again capture, stalemating, or again allow K-Kt6 or worse. My annoyance was drowned in admiration!

## FOR THE ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN.

TO me, reading books on shooting in April is like reading well-illustrated books on skiing in high summer. It induces an almost intolerable nostalgia. So what shall I say when confronted with so good a book as "Gun for Company," by E. C. Keith (*Country Life*; 18s.)? And it is a good book. It is good not only because it is written by a first-class shot who is also a wise naturalist, but because of the emphasis which it lays on shooting manners—sharply and dangerously on the decline. It is an excellent thing that shooting should become more democratic (for that widens the opposition to pink-intellectuals and anti-blood sport cranks), provided hosts or organisers of syndicates insist on normal good manners and safety precautions.

This winter I found myself next to a newly-enriched gentleman who, like "Mr. Mayer, of Rabley Abbey, Rutlandshire," in the poem, had never previously held a gun. I was on his left. He held his gun (not on safety) horizontally pointing at my midriff. After two drives I did something I've always wanted to do, and said: "I see you use 'fives.'" (I had seen them in the boot of his Rolls.) "Yes," he replied, "but how do you know?" "By looking down the barrels of your gun." He neither saw the point nor took the hint, so, finally pointing out to my host as politely as I could that I had a wife and three children, I went home. It is not funny. It only takes two pellets to blind a man for life, and therefore it is to be hoped that Mr. Keith's plea for a return to what used to be the norm in shooting behaviour will be regarded. This book, which is illustrated by that fine bird-artist Mr. J. C. Harrison, is written with rare literary skill. A Norfolk man, Mr. Keith writes with particular affection of wildfowling, for which his county is pre-eminent. Of all forms of shooting it is the one I like most. I agree with him in preferring the morning to the evening flight. It is not merely the greater ease of the pick-up. However frozen or soaked to the skin, whether the bag is a good one or void, there is no thrill like the dawn breaking over the marsh—and no feeling of superiority quite so great as that which one has at breakfast over the slug-a-beds who have not risen at four o'clock on a cold winter's morning!

Mr. Keith devotes a chapter each to the morning and the evening flight. A whole, fat volume in the Lonsdale Library is allotted to "Wildfowling" (Seeley, Service; 25s.). The ten writers who contribute to it cover every aspect of the natural history of our native wildfowl and those which visit our shores. If I had to award a palm it should go to Mr. John Inge for his vivid descriptions of wildfowling in coastal areas and for the many admirable practical hints he gives to what the French call the "debutants absolus"—and from which even the experienced wildfowler can learn too. The sixty-seven illustrations provide an excellent supplement to the letterpress, the whole making a worthy addition to a fine sporting library.

Before leaving the subject of books on shooting, I should just like to mention "Field, Skeet, and Trap Shooting," an American book by Charles Edward Chapel, published here by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at 28s. It is an interesting book on ballistics, shooting angles and the like, and begins with a number of safety "don'ts" for shooters—more necessary in the States even than here.

From shooting to riding. For the fourth time Messrs. Collins issue (at 10s. 6d.) "The Horseman's Year," edited by W. E. Lyon. It is a half-guinea's worth which no horse-lover, whether he or she is interested in racing, show-jumping or even sporting prints, will want to forgo. Mr. John Hislop writes on the 1949 Flat and National Hunt seasons; Mr. Michael Williams on the Point-to-Points (or should it be Points-to-Point?), and that fine horseman, J. Talbot Ponsonby, one of whose performances at Olympia before the war will always remain in my memory, appropriately writes on the International Horse Shows. There is news of what went on in Australia, New Zealand, the States. There is an interesting and disturbing contribution on the heavy-horse situation. Wing-Commander B. L. Kearley, who writes on the defeat of the Anti-Blood Sports Bill, does well to warn his readers that this is only a breathing-space gained by Mr. Herbert Morrison's nice calculations of the effect on the rural vote. You cannot expect a Left Wing intellectual to change his spots (at least metaphorically), and Wing-Commander Kearley rightly records the remark of a thwarted Socialist M.P.—"the overwhelming feeling of our movement is in favour of this Bill."

Mr. Learie Constantine is a best-seller among cricket writers, and the reason is not far to seek if you get his latest book, "Cricket Crackers" (Stanley Paul; 16s.). I have seldom enjoyed a book of cricket reminiscences more. There is hardly a page without a good story of some incident which occurred to the great West Indian fast bowler himself or which he heard in some friendly pavilion in the cricketing Meccas of the English-speaking world. I think I like best the story of Victor Trumper, who, having been injured, had a runner. Forgetting his runner after he had made a hit, he started to limp down the pitch. "The other batsman ran; Trumper remembered his hurt and turned back, and by some misunderstanding his runner also turned back, with the result that all three of them arrived at Trumper's end," while a grinning bowler whipped off the balls at the other end.

To the facetious query, "Who's out?", the umpire replied sternly: "All the ——— lot of them—running about like a lot of rabbits," but finally he relented and let

Trumper stay. There are, however, plenty of serious points raised by Mr. Constantine, such as the finances of modern Test tours or the inadequacy of modern fast bowling.

Pre-war Wimbledon fans will remember Bobby Riggs, who won the Men's Singles, the Mixed Doubles (with Alice Marble) and the Men's Doubles in the weeks immediately before the war. Bobby Riggs was last year's world professional champion, and has written an agreeable book, "Tennis is my Racket" (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.), about his tennis career and the stars he has played with. There are a number of photographs of himself and these stars playing particular shots to illustrate the points he makes. One curious fact emerges from these photographs. What a thin-armed lot these great tennis players are! Even Big Bill Tilden, the "cannon-ball" hero of my youth, appears to be equipped with sinewy matchsticks.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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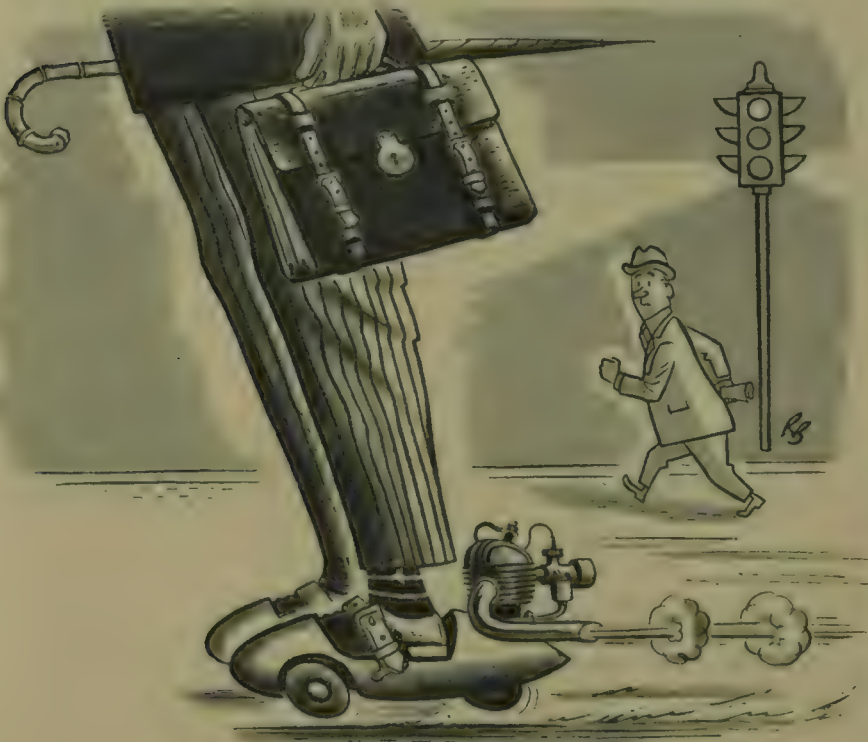
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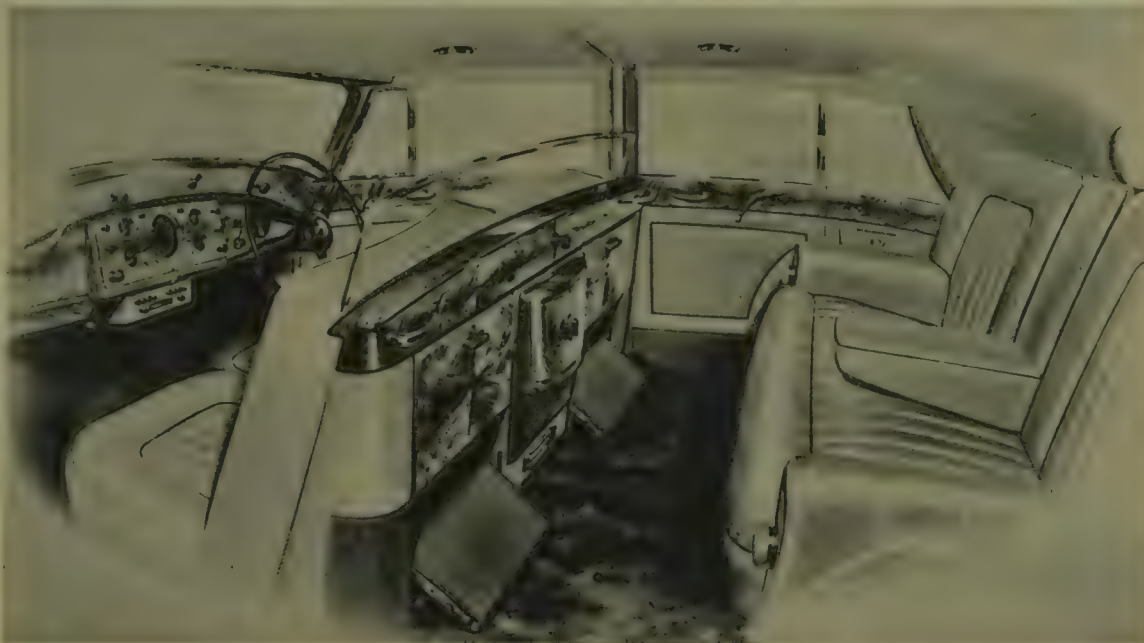
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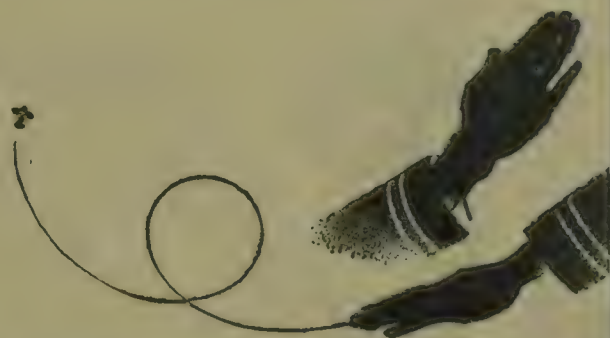
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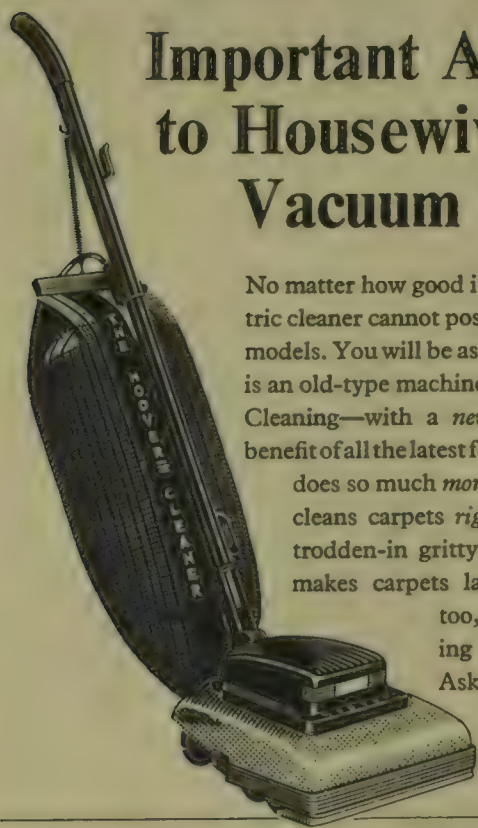


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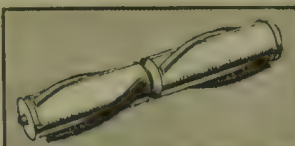
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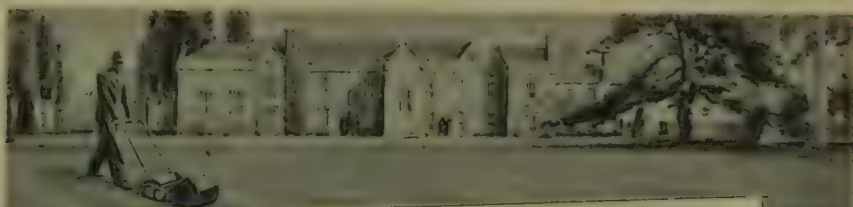
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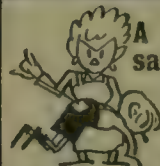
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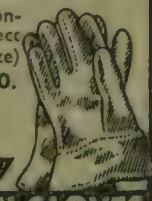


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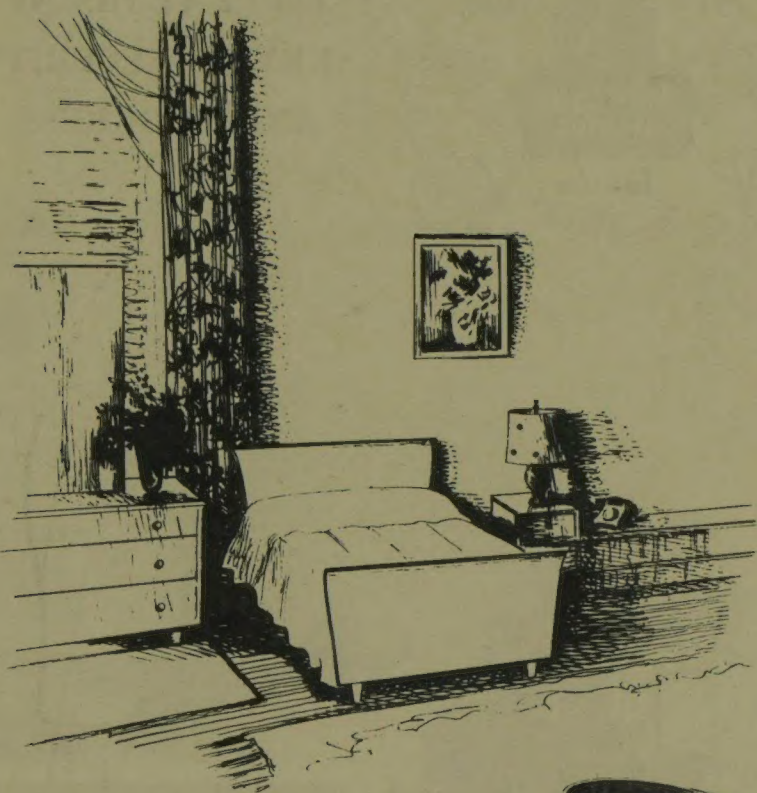
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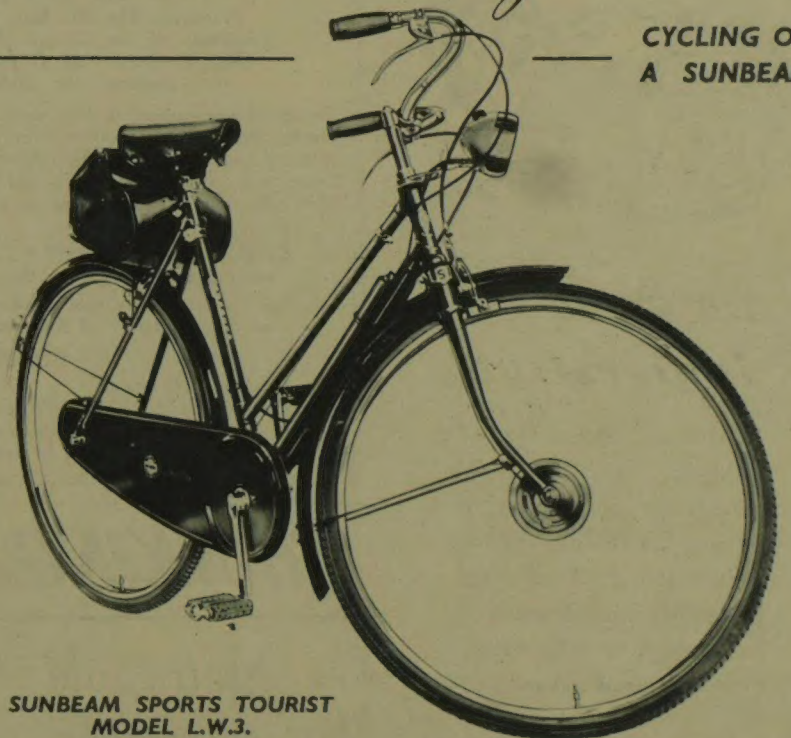
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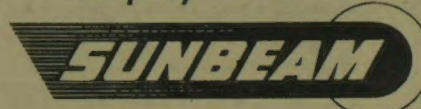
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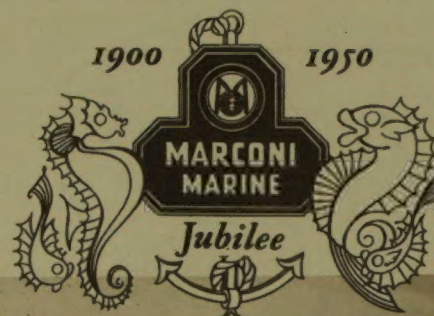
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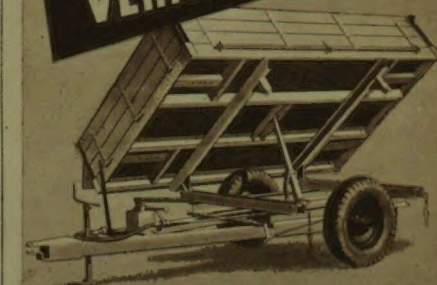


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